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Mrs. Churchill Was in the News Last Week

One of Mrs. Churchill's engagements last week was a visit to the London docks to present certificates of merit to employees of the Port of London Authority who have been honoured for bravery. Here Miss Margaret Douglas, of the River Emergency Service, receives the P.L.A. recognition of her gallantry during raids. Mrs. Churchill was also in the news as President of the War Time Fund of the Y.W.C.A., when she launched an appeal for £50,000 for huts and canteens for women serving with the Forces. "Somewhere to go, someone to talk to," Mrs. Churchill said in a letter to *The Times*, is what members of the W.R.N.S., A.T.S. and W.A.A.F. badly need in their off-duty hours. Mrs. Knox, the A.T.S. new Chief Controller, has agreed that the help of the Y.W.C.A. is essential in caring for the welfare of serving women



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Premier's Personal Investigation

THE Prime Minister works until the early hours of most mornings. Very often it is five o'clock before he goes to his bedroom. Big Ben had struck midnight the other night when Mr. Churchill suddenly said: "Let's get on with some work." He worked methodically until just before five o'clock, and then turning to one of his secretaries, said: "I'm going to bed now—to finish this work."

Having sent his Man Friday, Mr. Brendan Bracken, to the Ministry of Information to quieten critics of our propaganda, the Prime Minister's biggest headache lately has been caused by complaints about our war production. It is a secret shared by a few that Mr. Churchill was determined at one time to rend some of his more influential critics literally limb from limb. He wanted to close down the Select Committee on National Expenditure. Some of the more sober and sounder complaints have come from this body over which Sir John Wardlaw Milne, a conscientious Conservative backbencher, presides.

But Mr. Churchill, obeying wiser counsels, did none of these things. Instead he sat down to investigate the problems of production for himself. They are manifold but manageable. There is no lack of capacity in the country to answer almost any demand; nor is there any lack of willingness to answer any demand. Did the Prime Minister's examination prove justification for the assertion of some of the

Government's critics that the real lack is a war plan?

Mr. Roosevelt's Messenger

WE have not heard very much about Mr. Harry Hopkins's latest visit to London, but that does not mean that it has not been important. As supervisor of Lease-Lend in Washington, Mr. Hopkins has also had plenty of headaches and not a few of them arise from the fact that there has not been a sufficiently clear cut programme for war production on this side of the Atlantic.

Many of the criticisms to which the Prime Minister is replying in Parliament this week have had their echoes in the United States. So long as the British Purchasing Commission was dealing direct with American industry in placing its orders there was less reason for Washington to take note of the principles underlying British demands. But under Lease-Lend these orders must now be placed through the American Service Departments, so far as armaments are concerned, and it is quite natural that those services should want to know the grand strategy impelling them.

If the British Service Departments are pursuing unrelated programmes and competing with one another, or overlapping, in home industry, it is small wonder if the same thing is happening in American industry to an even greater degree. And then, of course, there may be honest differences of opinion between staffs as to what is, in fact, the most suitable type of weapon for dealing with a given military situation. Mr. Hopkins has been here, in part, to smooth out some of these complicated problems. Being the eyes, ears and mouth of the President, and already well known and well liked in official London, it has not been difficult to collaborate with him.

War Production Minister

THE rival claims of Lord Beaverbrook and Mr. Ernest Bevin for the post of War Production Minister have been under discussion in the smoking room of the House of Commons for some time. But it took Mr. Churchill much longer than any of his critics to decide the merits of their demand. In examining the proposal to create a Ministry of Production Mr. Churchill had to decide (1) whether the technical difficulties of administration could be overcome speedily and efficiently and (2) if this were possible who would be the most suitable man to shoulder the onerous responsibilities.

From the outset Lord Beaverbrook was all in favour of creating the new Ministry. He told some of his friends that he was prepared to stand aside for Mr. Bevin to tackle the task. Probably Lord Beaverbrook appreciated the possibility of unfriendly reactions in the Labour Party if Mr. Churchill promoted him to a position of power above Mr. Bevin. Many Conservatives certainly appreciated this aspect of the Prime Minister's difficulty and therefore hoped he would find somebody else, preferably "a political unknown" for the post.

Popular Private Secretary

IN retaining the services of Mr. Ronald Tree as his Parliamentary Private Secretary at the Ministry of Information Mr. Brendan Bracken

now firmly seated in his new saddle, has carried on something of an institution. Mr. Tree is one of the oldest inhabitants of the place. Ministers may come and go but Mr. Tree stays on to give continuity and to smooth their paths. He went there first as P.P.S. to Sir John (now Lord) Reith. When Sir John moved on and up Mr. Duff Cooper asked Mr. Tree to continue in the same capacity to him. Now Mr. Tree has a third master.

In the Civil Service there would be nothing odd about this. But Parliamentary Private Secretaries are entirely personal appointments, based usually on friendship, and generally remain attached to the Minister concerned rather than to the department. Mr. Ronald Tree, on the other hand, has become very much a part of the M.O.I. machine, interesting himself particularly in the matter of British publicity for the United States. Indeed, his was the report, following a recent trip to America, which formed the basis of the scheme which Sir Gerald Campbell is now to operate out there.

Friend of the Premier

M^{R.} TREE'S deep conviction that Britain must take active steps to establish ever-closer relations with the United States—a view which he, as an Anglo-American, has held from the outbreak of war—has naturally brought him into close contact with Mr. Churchill. Indeed, the Premier has been a frequent visitor to the Trees' lovely house in Oxfordshire where some of the most interesting meetings with such visitors as Mr. Harry Hopkins and others from across the Atlantic have taken place. In the circumstances it was not surprising that Mr. Churchill should have invited Mr. Tree to become his own Parliamentary Private Secretary when he sent Mr. Bracken to the Ministry of Information.

It would have been a great honour to serve the Prime Minister in that capacity; and intensely interesting. For the P.P.S. is privy to everything that goes on in his master's department. But Mr. Tree felt that he could do



Dorothy Thompson in London

Dorothy Thompson, one of the most widely known and popular of living journalists, arrived in London a week ago "to see her friends." This brilliant, dynamic idealist, now forty-seven, has done as much for the last eight years as any American after the President, to make her countrymen understand that Nazism and democracy cannot inhabit the same world. She is the wife of novelist Sinclair Lewis, and has one son, Michael, aged eleven.



An Australian V.C.

Acting Wing Commander Hughie Idwal Edwards, D.F.C., of No. 105 Squadron, R.A.F., was awarded the V.C. last week for planning and executing a daylight bombing raid on Bremen in which he "displayed the highest possible standard of gallantry and determination." He is 27 on Friday, comes from Masman Park, Western Australia, is the first Australian airman to receive the V.C.



Allied Reception at Buckingham Palace : the King and Queen with Some of their Guests

An historic reception, the first of its kind, was held by the King and Queen recently, when the leaders of our Allies and members of their Governments were received at the Palace. In the photograph are the King, Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, Madame Benes, King Peter of Yugoslavia, the Queen talking to Dr. Benes, President of Czechoslovakia, King Haakon of Norway and M. Raczkiewicz, President of Poland. Amongst the two hundred guests were Mr. Churchill and members of the War Cabinet, Dominion representatives, and most of the Diplomatic Corps

greater use by continuing to watch over the London end of publicity for America and was reluctant to leave the Ministry at the moment when his long-cherished plans had at last been realised. Incidentally, he is an old friend and sincere admirer of the new Minister, to whom his intimate knowledge of the workings, and handicaps, of the Ministry are already proving of very real value.

Mr Walter Monckton, the Director-General of the Ministry, whose resignation had been tendered some weeks earlier, stayed on to "duct" Mr. Bracken. But I shall be surprised if he remains much beyond the period necessary for that task. He makes no secret of the fact that he feels he has become a bit stale and would quite certainly prefer a change of employment. No one will blame him, for he has held the fort during a most difficult period of inter-departmental battling.

Red-headed Ministers

ALL Prime Ministers hate having to face the necessity of making changes in their Governments. There are invariably some personal ties involved. Mr. Churchill's latest changes caused more comment than usual. *The Times* acidly remarked that when changes were desired in some department it seemed always to be thought necessary to create new posts for the outgoing ministers. Mr. Duff Cooper's name (he is shortly going to the Far East to report on military, political and civil co-operation there) was connected with this comment.

So was Mr. Harold Nicolson's. Much against his will he was suddenly thrust on to the Board of the B.B.C. Governors, which, for a time at least, marks a pause in, and probably the end of, his political career. *The Times* complained that the B.B.C. Governors were not consulted in advance about their new colleague.

In the lobbies of the House of Commons the changes created some wisecracks. One was that Vic Oliver wouldn't speak to his

father-in-law because he hadn't been given a job.

Because Mr. Brendan Bracken has a mass of red hair, and Mr. Duncan Sandys (the Prime Minister's son-in-law) is nearly as red headed as Colonel Harvie Watt, the Premier's new Parliamentary Private Secretary, another member asserted that Mr. Churchill had connived at a ministerial invasion by red heads.

On Army Manœuvres

COLONEL HARVIE WATT was supervising some Army exercises in the heart of the country when a dispatch rider sought him out with a telegram. It was an urgent message to hurry to Downing Street at once as the Prime Minister wished to see him.

Although Colonel Watt has been a Member of Parliament for nearly ten years, and before going on active service at the outbreak of war was a junior Whip, he had barely spoken to Mr. Churchill before in his life. Judge Colonel Watt's surprise when the Prime Minister offered him the most coveted of all junior posts in any government!

Colonel Watt is of middle height, broadly built, and speaks with a strong Scots accent. Before the war he combined hard work at the Bar with his duties as Junior Whip, and his indefatigable interest in the Territorial Army. He is only thirty-seven, but he was selected to serve the Prime Minister because of his knowledge of the House of Commons and sound judgment of the sudden vagaries of politicians of all types. In this respect he is thought to be an ideal man for keeping the Prime Minister informed of Parliamentary trends.

Calm by Philosophy

TO Mr. R. A. Butler has come well-deserved promotion as President of the Board of Education. For three and a half years he was Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, an interesting post which most men

are loath to leave. He fulfilled this post with philosophy and calm; but before that he worked harder and with great efficiency as Under-Secretary for India when the Indian Reforms had to be battled through the House of Commons. Rab Butler then proved himself an able parliamentarian.

He comes of a family of scholars and administrators, and though the repose of his pale face may deceive some, his close study of politics has not left him unmarked by ambition. He is one of our younger Conservatives who is expected to attain political power in the Conservative Party and eventually the responsibilities of statesmanship.

Looking Ahead

THE Conservative Party are already looking to the future when the nation will demand leadership in the solution of post-war problems. The party organisation is now being overhauled and many improvements are being planned. The importance of youth is not being overlooked. If the party managers have their way there will be a scheme whereby safe seats will not go to the highest bidder. Young men of ability but only modest means will be given their chance to contest seats where election expenses are strictly limited to a maximum figure within their reach.

Behind this new drive is Major Tommy Dugdale who has just been appointed Vice-Chairman of the party. He is also Deputy Chief Whip. But for his absence on active service in the Middle East Tommy Dugdale might have been Chief Whip. He was being invalided home, and could not be contacted when a telegram from Downing Street instructing him to return to Westminster was dispatched.

As Parliamentary Private Secretary to Lord Baldwin, Major Dugdale went through the Abdication crisis, and through his chief got to know as much about the workings of the Conservative Party as he did about the machinery of State. At forty-four, he is dark, handsome and always politically active.

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

A Forgotten Actress

We went into our club last night to get a pint o' beer. The Kiplingesque echo hath bewrayed us. We did nothing of the kind. We went into our club to find somebody older than ourselves. Someone old enough to remember Leslie Carter. The first person we encountered was a critic of the national summer game, one whose eyes through too much scanning of the pitch, and looking at the rain through beakers of Lord's best bitter, have taken on the keen yet wonderly look of the African hunter. He said : "Carter; knew him well. Slow left-hander with a fast one that came back. Thought of for England. Then one day Jessop gave him a pasting, and he was never the same bowler again."

The second man we asked was a low comedian who is nearly as ancient as his jokes. He said : "Carter? Yes, of course I remember Carter. Used to feed me in *The Girl Round the Corner*. I remember at the Hippodrome, Bacup. . . ." But we had already passed on to our third antediluvian, a dramatic critic so venerable that in his presence even beardless boys think twice. "Did you say *Leslie Carter*?" And after some ruminating the old walrus went on : "Yes, I remember Leslie. He was leading man to Clara Morris. Came over here sometime in the 'eighties, but was too effeminate for English taste."

THE old gentleman spoke more truly than he knew. Leslie Carter was of course Mrs. Leslie Carter, and effeminate in so far as she was wholly feminine—in fact a heck of a gal whom David Belasco put over on the American public in lots of plays over lots of years. I

never saw this actress, but seem to remember gathering from those who did that she was a ranting, roaring, splurgy and generally highly efficient exponent of those society melodramas of which *Zaza*, adapted for her by Belasco, is as good an example as any. The Carter seems to have been an extraordinary woman, and perhaps this is the place to say that she is the *Lady with Red Hair*, the new Warner film starring Miriam Hopkins.

The motive behind Carter when she went on the stage was none of those which normally lure young women from the everyday pursuits for which their lack of talent so worthily befits them. Carter was not moved by any love of the theatre; with her it was not "act or bust." She cared nothing for tragedy, comedy, farce. She desired to shine as an actress simply that she might obtain notoriety, in the light of which it might be possible to re-demand the custody of the child of which the American divorce laws had deprived her. With which object she bearded the managerial lion of the day. She had no time to waste, she said, in which to learn her job, and therefore must start at the top. And it is our pleasure to think that at this point Belasco murmured something about putting the Carter before the horse. Anyhow, the woman won as women always will with people like Belasco who look "wery fierce" on the outside, but inside can give Mr. Jellyby points for meekness. And so for a dozen years the Carter rampaged all over America, her chevelure, if the film is to be trusted, getting redder and redder. Unless, of course, the chemists were getting cleverer and cleverer.



"Lady With Red Hair"

Miriam Hopkins plays Caroline Carter and Claude Rains plays David Belasco in the re-creation in film form of a piece of American theatre history based on the memoirs of Mrs. Leslie Carter. "Lady With Red Hair," directed by Kurt Bernhardt, is the subject of Mr. Agate's article this week. It went to the Warner Theatre last Friday

SHALL we for a moment delve into the archives, meaning certain musty scrapbooks which have accompanied us throughout our equally musty career? In them we find a criticism of the Carter written after the production of *Zaza* in New York in 1899.

After the third act of *Zaza*, which blew into the Garrick last night with a burst of scarlet trumpets, David Belasco made a speech. He reminded the audience, with tears in his larynx, that nine years ago a most unhappy woman flung herself at his feet and asked his "advice." She got it. Mr. Belasco then said: "There is one perfectly happy woman in the world tonight." That woman had reached the goal of every actor's ambition; the approval of a New York audience. "She will, before she retires, send a telegram to a certain red-headed boy, telling him that you like her, and he will then know that he has no reason to be ashamed of his mother." Bravo, Mr. Belasco. Did not every woman's heart thrill with yours and Mrs. Carter's when it remembered that, through plot and counterplot, through the divorce court and the awful verdict of the judge on the mother's relation to her child her maternal heart beat fondly for her offspring in this crowning hour of triumph? Does anybody believe that David Belasco was born yesterday?

The author, one Norman Hapgood, says of this player :

A certain power she has—the power of limitless energy directed by a master of the trade—but never for a moment does she suggest those finer shades, those softer touches, that can be truly given from an inner well of genuine feeling, of instinctive re-creation of the emotions portrayed. You might as well engage Corot to teach a Philistine how to represent the poetry of morning. Mrs. Carter is a good actress, as actors go, and we have no desire to disguise it, but she is as hard as an arc light and as lacking in exquisiteness as a turnip.

Well, this is the story la Hopkins has to suggest, and I don't feel that she is a sufficiently good actress to impersonate one who was in Mr. Shaw's words "a melodramatic heroine of no mean powers." Mr. Shaw went on to say that Mrs. Carter's "dresses and graces and poses cast a glamour of American high art on Mr. Belasco's romance, and her transports and tornadoes, in which she shows plenty of professional temperament and susceptibility." This film has been brilliantly cut so as to give us no opportunity whatever of seeing Mrs. Carter, in other words the Hopkins, perform any of those "transports and tornadoes." Always with the exception of two minutes when, at the end of some play, Mrs. Carter, which means Hopkins, shows herself to be a strictly middling actress, extremely unlikely to take New York by storm.

Claude Rains gives an excellent performance as Belasco, and once again one regrets that Nature, which endows so many mindless young brutes with the figures of Greek gods, should have vouchsafed the most grudging of torsos to this mature and otherwise finely endowed player.

IT is not generally realised that the number of Polish refugees in this country is approaching the 40,000 mark. Or that 30,000 of these are busy at work in ways which will defeat the Nazis now and help to re-create their country after the war. *The White Eagle* (Gaumont-British) is a short film showing Poland at work in this country. Its central figure is the ten-year-old boy Andrew, who in the daytime distributes a Polish newspaper to his co-nationals, and in the evening plays at bombers and fighters like any little English boy. This film is full of nostalgia as well as effort, and if it sometimes brings a lump to an English throat, one can imagine what it will do to a Polish. I hear it is the precursor of more of its kind. The best wishes of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER go with this film and them.

New Films

A Comedy, a Thriller
and Andy Hardy



Patricia Morison



"One Night in Lisbon"

Hollywood has produced a film about Lisbon, last gateway to wartime Europe, which has a strongly Britonised cast. Madeleine Carroll heads the English contingent; Fred MacMurray, as a ferry pilot (right, above) tops the American team, and gets the girl; John Loder plays a British N.O., and doesn't get the girl. Pretty Patricia Morison (left) is involved in the plot, and Dame May Whitty, Edmund Gwenn, Reginald Denny are English flotsam in the Lisbon eddies. Edward H. Griffith directed this topical comedy, which goes to the Carlton on Sunday



"Andy Hardy's Private Secretary"



"The Black Cat"—a Murder Thriller from Edgar Allan Poe

Another batch of British players are in another current Hollywood film: Cissie Loftus as a rich old lady who is murdered, Gladys Cooper as her niece, and Basil Rathbone as Gladys Cooper's husband. The plot, full of mystery and cats, was suggested by a story by Edgar Allan Poe

Broderick Crawford is a real estate salesman, Gale Sondergaard is a housekeeper of the traditionally sinister kind; she is murdered as well as her employer. "The Black Cat," which Albert S. Rogell directed, went to the London Pavilion on Monday

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

The New Ambassadors Revue

(*Ambassadors*)

NEARLY all the clever people in this lively, erratic revue—and there are plenty of clever people in it—have less to do than their cleverness deserves. In fact, the only member of the company who has a chance to come through the affair with really flying colours is Miss Madge Elliott, who has charm and comedy and dazzle, and who revealed brilliant new talents in *Swinging the Gate*.

Apart from the fact that Miss Elliott never has and never could have any truck with material in any degree salacious, the gallery of portraits she is called on to depict is such that one feels her middle name might be Hermione. Now she is a society fraud pretending to do war work in a hospital and bagging the publicity. Now she is an Edwardian actress of the champagne-slipper set. Now she is an Oriental dancer in an Oriental burlesque, now, in an operatic burlesque, an unoperatic *prima donna*. But the best work she does is in a number no Hermione could touch, and not one of the best numbers either, the sentiment being false and snobbish. But Miss Elliott has a real gift for sentiment. She can go top of the class for this. In character, too, she is excellent, whether with or without the help of Mr. Cyril Ritchard's famous teeth (loan not acknowledged on the programme). As a comedienne, however, her gifts, while definitely there, call for careful consideration. One feels that in this revue the pace has been slightly forced and that Miss Elliott suffers a little from over-presentation.



"Publicity" put through its paces by Madge Elliott

MISS ELLIOTT has more breeding than any other lady in the company, as Mr. Ernest Thesiger has more breeding than any other gentleman. When they appear together in a very long scene about a very old love affair, the atmosphere becomes almost as legitimate as Pinero in one of his lavender moods.

Mr. Thesiger, pluckily grappling with a sprained ankle, is not strongly in evidence.



Betty Ann Davies sings
"Wasn't It Nice of Him?"

I don't imagine any one could make much of the solo he sings about having bust a bust. He opens with queenly dignity as a modern amazon discussing plans for disposing of invading Germans with a fluffy modern amazon deliciously played by Mr. Charles Hawtrey. His appearances are always agreeable but never infectious. While Mr. Hawtrey is such a help that one feels he deserves helping more often.

THEN there is Betty Ann Davies. There is more distinction in her singing of a little ballad called "Wasn't It Nice of Him?" than anything else in the whole entertainment. Miss Davies is a remarkable artist. She never does anything badly. She always does everything well. She hasn't done half she can do. And what she might do is still an exciting mystery. Yet to make Miss Davies the top-line star she ought to be is anybody's whole-time job, because she makes no splash, and if you make no splash, you won't go a long way with the poor material you are almost bound to get four times out of five in her line of work.

I rejoice to see that Miss Davies had deblonded her hair. Even if she hadn't, she would still be the most interesting personality now in revue, which doesn't mean the most finished—in fact, quite the opposite. I never go away from a revue in which she has appeared without a petulant feeling that she has been atrociously wasted. Even if the general public doesn't take her to its brawny bosom, all the artists in London ought to be after her. Is nobody painting a picture of her? Is nobody writing a play for her? Is she to go on being a stray waif picking up tit-and-not-very-tit-bits from the rich man's table?

I COULD have spared all the ballets in this new Ambassadors revue for more of Miss Davies, and of Mr. Hawtrey too. For you know what revue ballets are, and these are even more so. For the rest, I mustn't forget to mention Miss Roberta Huby, so sweet, and Miss Joan Swinstead, so sour. Miss Swinstead stiffens the back of the show with great effect and makes the most of a brain wave of a number by Nicholas Phipps, the catchline of which—"Please squeeze my toothpaste from the bottom, Mr. Price"—will be repeated in many a home during the coming months.

Sketches by
Anna Zinkeisen



"Violetta" gives burlesque opportunities to Ernest Thesiger, Charles Hawtrey, Madge Elliott and Joan Swinstead

Surrey Neighbours

Douglas Byng and
Mrs. Roderick Needham
Collaborate in Shows
for the Troops

For the last few months Douglas Byng has spent most of his time entertaining troops all over the country. Between tours he is generally at Westlands, his Surrey hide-out. But he is not allowed to be idle there. Besides working on new songs and music, he has to meet the friendly demands of one of his neighbours, Mrs. Roderick Needham, when she is organising local concerts for the Army Welfare Council. "Duggie" Byng not only appears himself at these concerts, but gets other artists down to star in Mrs. Needham's shows at the local hall which is known as "the morgue" except on show nights, when it is "the theatre" and packed to the roof

Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Westlands is the little seventeenth-century farmhouse at Mays Green where Douglas Byng spends his spare time. He designed the garden himself, and round the "swan lake" are flowering shrubs and old-fashioned flowers massed in lovely colour groups. Fan-mail is delivered by postman Jack Duffield



The Fields is another old Surrey cottage—at Ewhurst Green—and this is where Colonel and Mrs. Roderick Needham live. Mrs. Needham, here reading the morning paper on the lawn, divides her busy days between acting as voluntary adjutant and quartermaster to her husband, who commands the local Home Guard unit, and organising entertainments for the troops in the neighbourhood. When in need of advice and talent for her shows she goes calling on her neighbour, "Duggie" Byng



Morning visitor at Westlands is Mrs. Needham, who put her head in to say good morning before coming round to the door, and found Douglas Byng playing the spinet in his beamed and white-washed sitting-room

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Garden Fêtes in the Country

GARDEN fêtes are always high spots of country life in the summer, and there are now more things than usual for them to be in aid of. In East Anglia, Lady Bristol opened one in aid of the Church and a war charity: it was held at Barrow Rectory, and fun included a children's fancy dress parade, a decorated bicycle parade, and a tennis tournament.

In the same part of the country, a meeting of Essex Red Cross liaison officers took place at the Chelmsford home of Mrs. Hanbury, who is Chief Liaison Officer for Essex under the Wounded, Missing, and Relatives Department of the Joint War Organisation of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John. Lady Whitmore, County President, was in the chair, and Mrs. Beadle, from headquarters in London, gave an address.

In Ramsgate, Lady Carson opened the Church garden fête, with a speech about how splendid Ramsgate people were being over the war, and down in Bournemouth there was a Saturday carnival at which over £20 was raised for the Y.W.C.A. Hut Fund. This happened at the home of Mrs. Lloyd Evans, who was too ill to do more than watch from a window. Lady Frankfort de Montmorency was one of the judges of the costumes.

In the North

UP in Leeds, Mrs. J. Egerton, sister-in-law of Mr. Anthony Eden, opened a

garden fête in aid of comforts for minesweeper crews and funds for the Girls' Friendly Society—piquantly contrasted bodies of people—and at Tattonhill, the beautiful grounds of The Croft were lent by Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Lowe for a large-scale garden party. It was opened by Sir Bertram Hardy, chairman of Burton Cottage Hospital, and about £60 was raised for local hospitals.

Lady Hardy was there, Mrs. Hohler, and Lady Noreen Bass, who, among other things, had a go at "Bowling for the Pig"—a more prizeable prize than in peacetime.

Weddings

AGRENADIER GUARDS wedding, with a guard of honour, was a big occasion at Sonning-on-Thames, when Captain G. N. C. Wigram, elder son of Lord Wigram, Permanent Lord-in-Waiting to the King, married Miss Margaret Thorne. The bride's father, Lieut.-Gen. Andrew Thorne, gave her away, and she wore a long-sleeved cream-coloured dress, lilies, and a diamond cypher brooch given by her parents, and pearls from Lady Wigram. Lord Carrington, Lady Mary Crichton, Lord and Lady Falmouth, and Kathleen Lady Falmouth were among the many there.

Mr. Robert Hennessy, son of Captain Richard Hennessy, of Cognac, France, married Miss Valerie Stokes at Brompton Oratory. Mr. Hennessy is a Lieutenant in the Navy, and there was a Naval

guard of honour, and a reception in Curzon Street afterwards.

In Dublin

THIS Royal Dublin Society, Ballsbridge, have arranged a sale of horses for September, instead of the Dublin Horse Show, which in normal times is held in the first week of August. Captain J. L. Bennett, of Birr Grange, Birr, is one of those who have arranged to visit the sale. He is the breeder of Vexatious, a horse which has had some Irish victories lately, and of Ballyowen the winner of the Patriotic Plate, which was sold to Mr. Joe McGrath some years ago.

The European premiere of *The Petrified Forest* was performed at the Gaiety Theatre, in Dublin, with Betty Chancellor and Leo McGabe in the cast. He spent some time in Hollywood and toured America, where he met the author of the play, Robert Sherwood, and made arrangements for its production.

The Ministers for Supplies and for Posts and Telegraphs, Mr. Sean Lemass, and Mr. P. J. Little were there; also M. Laforcade, French Minister, Signor Ontiveros, Minister for Spain, and M. Dobrzynski, Minister for Poland.

Chiltern Neighbourhood

Now that the herds of girl cyclists, bent double in velveteen shorts, have "gone to it" in other ways, the nearby Chilterns are as lonely as North Wales. Even the cars have disappeared, for, as someone with an old Bentley exclaimed: "Four gallons a month—why, it takes me that to change from bottom to top."

Near that unbroached village, Hambleton, from which the bungalow racketeers have been kept at bay by the firm but beneficent rule of Lord Hambleton, there lives James Fitton, who published that witty book on child-rearing, *The First Six Months Are the Worst*. His paintings have been exhibited as far afield as New York and Chicago, and his wife, Margaret, is so lovely and so



Capt. the Hon. George Wigram and Miss Thorne

Capt. the Hon. George Neville Clive Wigram, Grenadier Guards, is the elder son of Lord and Lady Wigram; his father is Deputy Constable and Lieutenant-Governor of Windsor Castle, and Lord-in-Waiting to the King. Miss Margaret Helen Thorne is the younger daughter of Lieut.-General Andrew Thorne, G.O.C.-in-C., Scottish Command, and the Hon. Mrs. Thorne, of the Deanery, Sonning, Berks., and a cousin of Lord Penrhyn. They were married at St. Andrew's, Sonning-on-Thames



Flt.-Lt. Terence Weldon and Miss Hopkinson

Flight-Lieut. Terence G. M. Weldon, A.A.F., and Miss Suzanne Marie Hopkinson, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy C. Hopkinson, of Kingston Gorse, Sussex, were married at St. Mary's, East Preston, Sussex. He is the youngest son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Anthony Weldon, Bt., of Kilmorey, Athy, Co. Kildare, and Mrs. Wilfred Fitzgerald, and brother of the present baronet

Swaebe



Literary Lunchers at the Foyle Women-and-the-War Party at Grosvenor House

Women in War and Peace was the subject for a recent Foyle's Literary Lunch at Grosvenor House. Lord Londonderry had next to him Miss Diana Wynyard, the clever young actress now starring in "No Time for Comedy"

Miss Polly Peabody, twenty-three-year-old organiser of the American Scandinavian Ambulance hospital which served in Norway, arrived recently from France, and gave an interesting account of Paris under German occupation in a B.B.C. broadcast

Lord David Douglas-Hamilton, who is a Pilot-Officer in the R.A.F.V.R., went with his wife to the Foyle lunch. Lady David Douglas-Hamilton, before her marriage in 1938, was Prunella Stack, well known for her work in connection with the League of Health and Beauty

paintable that she says the one phrase she dreads on meeting painters is: "Will you sit for me?" She has the unusual distinction of being related to Madame Tussaud and Heath Robinson.

More Inhabitants

MARY ELLEN GUISE, living nearby, is a French-Canadian poetess, and as beautiful as she sounds. Among the hills is the home of Rebecca West—the district was thrilled by news of the visit to her of M. Maisky, popular Ambassador of our new U.S.S.R. Ally. Another recent date of M. Maisky, was the Promenade Concert, at which there was an all-Russian programme, and where his arrival was cheered.

Skirmett is a village of sophisticated rurality, where "Cassandra" lives. The King's Arms there can still produce the loveliest liqueurs—Cointreau and Grand Marnier are everyday words to the agricultural labourers in its tap-room.

About

LOTS of young men about London, most of them having nips off from their soldiering duties. Mr. Donald Colquhoun of Luss, in the same regiment as Mr. Anthony Balfour, who told the best spy story I have heard, unfortunately not suitable for the great reading public, who will have to take time off and listen for a bit, if they want to get such gems; Captain Dudley Forwood, kind but firm with his subalterns, Mr. John Greenish, Mr. Lionel Perry, And-So-On.

Miss Ghislaine Dresselhuys gets about London, generally in successful combinations of furs, flowers and veils; and Mrs. Paddy Bellew has some lovely amethyst jewellery—clips, bracelet and ring to match. Lord Huntly wears a kilt; Lady Huntly was all in red one day. Major McNeil Moss (Geoffrey Moss, the novelist) told a story of the only literary party he attended, where rows of young men were pointed out as writing under women's names—apparently the mass of women readers feel cosier relaxing with one of their own sex. What if Ethel M. Dell and Ruby M. Ayres were really moustached golf hearties, accustomed to swapping stories in bars?

Picture Exhibition

THERE is an exhibition at the Ackermann Galleries of paintings by Peter Scott and Serge Rodzianko; the sales of catalogues, and one-third from the sales of pictures, go to the Admiral Muselier "Spitfire" Fund.

It was opened by Capitaine de Vaisseau d'Argenlieu, on behalf of Admiral Muselier, and among distinguished visitors he welcomed Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, Lord Bessborough, H.E. the Greek Minister, Prince Svevelode of Russia and Princess Romanovsky, Princess Natasha Bagration, Prince George Galitzine, Princess Marina Chavchavadze, M. de Souza Leo, of the Brazilian Embassy, Lord Cholmondeley, Sir Thomas and Lady Cunningham.

Pictures and Subjects

PETER SCOTT's are mostly his familiar, and popular, bird ones, but there is a U-boat surfacing in attractively-lit sea. The Rodzianko portraits include Princess Natasha Bagration, an attractive one of June Hanke in St. John Ambulance uniform; Sir John Blunt—who married Heather Harrison-Broadley when she was eighteen—Mr. Fred Pearson, an American who has done much for Cancer Hospitals over here, and used to be well known hunting in the Shires from Sulby, in the Pytchley country; Mrs. Peter Koch de Gooreyend, Lady Burgh, and Princess Troubetskoy.

Popular Cabaret

THE strong-pulling team of Jack and Daphne Barker is back at the May Fair with some good new songs. Jack Barker used to be of Walsh and Barker—Walsh, an American, rushed back to the States at the outbreak of war, and Barker, dated to appear at Quaglino's, then produced his wife Daphne for the first time—with lasting results. The pre-performance of their new songs took place at the Sixty-Six Club.

An interesting Scot in the May Fair one morning was Sir Michael Bruce, descendant of the gentleman who encountered the spider, and author of some interesting books. Charles Stuart is a subject about whom he knows all there is to know.

Potted Period

"TIME EXPOSURE," by Cecil Beaton and Peter Quennell was published in May, but it deserves to be read for time immemorial to come as the shortest and completest possible book of a period. The Beaton photographs romp through their stages of both manner and matter, compèred with the most admirable Quennell clarity, with the result that the picked carcasses of two decades can be inspected in a volume handy enough to read as one walks along the street, always a recommendation.

Social life certainly was glamorous—and Mr. Quennell disposes of that curious modern attribute as follows: "The word 'glamour'—up to that time usually associated with Celtic fairy stories, where it denoted a particularly sterile and malevolent form of enchantment—attached itself to the incantatory names of Garbo and Dietrich."

Many of the faces illustrated are still giving pleasure to their admirers around the remains of the familiar haunts in London.

Stations and Sponge-Cake

NAUSEATED by the various orgies of Victorian architecture that are our London stations, I dumbly commented on the fact that there were no charming Georgian, Queen Anne, or even Tudor ones to soften the anyway hideous business of catching trains. And it certainly is a pity, aesthetically, that trains weren't invented earlier, considering how large and frequent stations are. Imagine the charm of a mulioned Tudor booking-office window, garnished with dripstone in the best manor-house manner! And how nice to drive up to rosy Georgian bricks, instead of to the flushed horror of such as St. Pancras, or the leprous scaling pallor of Paddington.

Talking of nonsense, how bold it was to call sponge-cake that, when one considers how nearly some cake can actually approach its namesake in taste and texture. A bit of psychological effrontery to put the idea before the fact.

Owing to a slip of the pen, on p. 162 of this issue, it is stated that the Hon. Mrs. Lane-Fox is the granddaughter of Viscount Halifax, instead of the late Viscount Halifax.

Letter From America

By Pamela Murray

Mrs. Vanderbilt's Ball

THE last of the famous Vanderbilt mansions on Fifth Avenue—"imposing three-storey brownstone residence of General and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt on the north-west corner of Fifty-first Street"—was opened to the public for the first time in history for a brilliant military ball in aid of a newly instituted campaign for United Service Organisations for National Defence Incorporated—in short, the entertainment and recreation of the armed Services of Uncle Sam, who, contrary to popular British belief, always says it with as many words as possible, enjoying the sound of his own voice, as Mark Twain intimated by "wagging of the gladsome tongue and flapping of the sympathetic ear."

Venerable Mrs. Vanderbilt, whose name is Grace, and nickname "Her Grace," moves out of the big, solemn, Victorian house in the near future. With her goes an era of glittering entertainments in the London manner, of spacious rooms filled with notables who know each other, of an effortless distinction which did not have to draw attention to itself. Mrs. Vanderbilt still drives about New York in the oldest Rolls in captivity, sky-high like a queen, and like a queen she wears her own brand of turban. At the ball it was a silvery lame affair to match an unmistakably "Court" dress in which she received a thousand people (at twenty dollars a brace) assisted by daughter "little Grace" (the American habit of naming daughters after mothers means that middle-aged women go through life labelled "little Dora") and her husband Robert Stevens.

Old Guard and New

AFTER so many dignified and enjoyable parties, the house itself seemed pained at becoming the scene of a rabble, but times have moved even for the Vanderbilts, and at least a sprinkling of the Old Guard gave the evening an air of pre-war elegance; Lady Décies wearing the fender of diamonds from under which she saw the Coronation; Mrs. Robert Clarkson a

striking first Communion veil; and Colonel Creighton Webb enough decorations to sink a battleship.

Neil Vanderbilt, who began debunking America's moneyed aristocracy (as distinct from those who arrived over three hundred years ago) in the Trying Thirties, was wearing the uniform of a major. The United States Army and Navy looked well, as men always do in uniform other than battle-dress.

Much excitement ensued from the discovery that one well-known lady of time-honoured occupation had got in by the simple expedient of paying for her ticket.

Tables with cashiers for drink checks (coupons) desecrated the marble hall, but as far as I could see, no one went into the sanctum where "Her Grace's" treasured photographs of Royalties crowd each other on a little table.

Dining Before Dancing

THERE had been "prix fixe" dinners at the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf, the Persian Room and the Knickerbocker Club, the last-named being the most exclusive in New York.

Among those eating at the Persian Room were Doris Duke Cromwell, looking like a sinister female Pan, and Mrs. Howard Harkness, who, with her husband, gave the Harkness Pavilion (hospital) and many other good things to Yale University. Princess Torlonia, her brother Mr. Moore; horse-racing specialist "Bob" White, and the Harold Kingslands of Pau and Paris were with Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin, who said she hopes to win a two-year-old race at Saratoga in August; meanwhile the best American three-year-old in twenty years—Whirlaway—has won the Triple Crown for Mr. Warren Wright, who calls his stable Calumet, after his father's baking powder. No false chi-chi there.

At the Turf and Field Club

ON the sultry Saturday of Whirlaway's third classic triumph, the stands at Belmont Park were jammed with carefree humanity



Refugee Hostess

Mrs. Ellery Husted, of South Salem, Conn., was hostess to the two small Holland-Martin boys until their father went to Canada as an R.A.F. instructor. She has written a narrative poem called "Timothy Taylor, Ambassador of Goodwill" which has had a great success, and was based on and dedicated to Timothy Holland-Martin

bent on backing the champion at 4-to-1 on! We could hardly move in the normally comfortable Turf and Field enclosure, because on this occasion all those socialites who do not care which end of the horse gets there first, insist on joining their box-holder friends. "Just like Ascot!" I can hear you exclaim.

The picturesque T. and F. clubhouse, situated some hundreds of yards behind the stands, in a garden where everyone tries to have lunch at the same time (again, very like fighting into the tents at Ascot) is over 175 years old (which is old for these parts). It was here that Louis Philippe, in the last years of the eighteenth century, was entertained by one Mr. de Costa, during his four years' exile in America.

I thought of this historical note as my eye lighted on S.A.I. Prince René de Bourbon, who was feeling the heat. We reminded each other of icy afternoons at St. Moritz, where "Prince René's" prowess on the bob-run made him a popular figure. Here he is somewhat weighed down by the presence of all his own children (a fine-looking bunch of refugees) and all the many children of his sisters, the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg and the ex-Empress of Austria. His Danish-born Royal wife has gone into business with the energy and courage her friends have long admired.

The reigning president of the Turf and Field is Mr. Henry Bull, who has been a potent factor in the success of the club which now has 900 members (who must be racing enthusiasts rather than socialites) at Belmont, N.Y., and branch clubs at Santa Anita, Cal., Hialeah, Fla., and Arlington, Ky. His buffet lunch party on the big day was reminiscent of jovial gatherings on similar occasions in England, though the shepherd's pie would not have been called "hash" chez nous, nor would highballs and iced tea appear on our programmes.

People you know who were either at lunch or about their bets included the beautiful English-born "Molly" Phipps; the charming Dorothy Van Gerbig (née Fell), who has just had a second son; Herbert Heseltine, the equine sculptor, and the raving Brazilian beauty, Mrs. Plunkett, Lord Dunsany's daughter-in-law.

Young America Paints

THE American Museum of Natural History, always full of fascinated children, is housing an exhibition of junior art to which some of the most exciting compositions were contributed by the British Actors Orphanage. I went to the opening with Gertrude Lawrence, several of whose adopted youngsters won honourable mentions from the critics, who found the "English Refugee's Dream" distinctly Dali, without Dali's deliberate Freudianisms.



A Young Refugee

Viscount Baynham is the only son—aged nearly eleven—of the Earl of Brecknock, Marquess Camden's heir, and the Countess of Brecknock. He is living with Mr. and Mrs. "Johnny" Schiff in America, goes to a well-known school where he gets a lot of riding



Headmaster's Wife

Mrs. Richard Fletcher, with her daughters May and Elizabeth here, is the wife of the headmaster of an American boys' school where several English refugees are learning baseball as well as the desk subjects. Mrs. Fletcher says English boys are ahead in literature, backward in mathematics



THE TATLER
AND BYSTANDER
JULY 30, 1941

Quentin Reynolds, whose tie was as gay as the party, was a leading guest at an acting, dancing and drinking entertainment given to American and Dominions journalists at the Saville Theatre. And Pat Burke, with Mr. Reynolds on the left, was one of the leading performers in the stage part of the show



Toast to friendship was drunk by Frances Day and two journalist guests, Joseph Evans ("Herald-Tribune") and M. Muller (International). What kind of friendship was illustrated by Strube's arms-across-the-sea cartoon which decorated one wall of the Saville foyer when the stage entertained the Overseas Press



Attentive profiles were those of Manning ("Nightingale in Berkeley Square") Sherwin and Noel Coward, watching the Saville show arranged by Leslie Henson and Flanagan and Allen

Visitor number one is Mr. Harry Hopkins, who has become supervisor of the Lease and Lend programme since he was here in January. In this capacity he has attended a War Cabinet meeting—an historic development of Anglo-American relations. Below, Mr. Hopkins is with Mr. Dorsey Fisher, Second Secretary at the American Embassy



Attentive spectacles focused the eyes of the First Lord of the Admiralty and Hannen Swaffer on the entertainment. Dancing on the stage rounded off what was called by its theatrical organisers a "Bohemian Party"

Civil defence is under inspection by another batch of U.S.A. visitors: Frank M. Roessing, Director of Public Works in Pittsburg; Capt. Donald S. Leonard, Michigan State Police; J. Huntington Williams, Baltimore's Commissioner of Health; Arthur W. Wallender, New York City Police Department; and Harry Prince, New York's Department of Housing



Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

MISS DOROTHY SAYERS publicly corrected a Fleet Street leader-writer the other day about King Canute. It was high time.

The nub of the Canute episode, as Miss Sayers pointed out, is not that Canute was a halfwit who tried to stop the rising tide, but that he was a wise man who exposed his flatterers and yes-men to ridicule, a "very proper and Christian thing to do." It would be nice to find Miss Sayers correcting a few more modern perversions of historical fact, and by the Great Horn Spoon of Rocamadour, Miss Sayers would have her work cut out. Official Whig folklore has sunk so deep for generations into the Island consciousness that to try to tell the Race the full honest truth about its more sacred idols, such as Elizabeth Tudor, Cromwell, William of Orange, Clive, and a few more is a task to appal the stoutest. No school history-book we have ever seen mentions for example that to please his mistress and her friend the Queen of Naples Nelson allowed a Neapolitan patriot to be shamefully executed; a quite appalling affair. It's our feeling that the darker aspects of the great should be as familiar to posterity as their nobler ones, on account of valuable moral lessons thus conveyed.

The Whigs who have cornered English history for so long (may they rot) have had a pretty good run, it will take about 257

years of hard labour to undo their work, and even then the Race won't begin to try to believe the truth unless it's printed in very good clear type on superior paper. Ring up Opal and say you're a friend of Tiny's and somebody's trying to make Reggie read a book, but he'll be free for a round-about 11.

Sniff

LABOUR has its own protocols, one was reminded by that recent remark in the House about craftsmen taking orders from an unskilled labourer of Cabinet rank.

If this is snobbery, it seems a very tolerable kind, probably traceable to the Guilds. Craftsmen have a right to be exclusive, and mostly are. Some of the oldest crafts, like the printing trade, are so proud and powerful that they put the fear of God into purple magnates of Oriental might and cruelty, filling us Fleet Street hacks with awe and envy. This consciousness of power does not make printers ramping and unbearable but jovial and kind, and they have moreover a pretty taste in snuff. On the other hand, the modern Union is less democratic than the ancient Craft Guild, which included apprentices, craftsmen, and employers alike, and looked after its members' spiritual and temporal welfare equally.



MAURICE MCLOLUGHIN

"Here is your weight and this is Patent No. P/BK. 89214 giving it to you"

As for the Merchant Guilds of London, against whose power the Craft Guilds originally rose, they are, or were till recently, princely to dine with, as their many guests are gratefully aware. Also they preserve a sort of continuity of form. On high days the chaplain of at least one of the Great Companies, for example, still precedes the Company to its parish church half an hour in advance, sitting by himself in an embrasure. Up to 400 years ago this was for the practical purpose of confessing and shriving those rich, stout and sinful cits before Guild Mass, but we gather this discipline is no longer adjudged necessary.

Title

WHETHER the late Sir Nicholas Grattan Doyle's perpetual topper leaves any survivor in the Commons the Lobby gossips don't seem to agree. There should, one feels, be always just one, on which its owner should carefully, accidentally sit at least once each session, sending the Fourth Form into the traditional roars of happy laughter.

World War I. is said instantly to have killed the fashionable topper, and as for the lingering Parliamentary topper, we should say its murderer was that dreadful post-war Business Government (? 1919 ? 1920) of hardheaded strong silent men in double-breasted lounge suits, hustling and bustling, pushing and going and delivering the goods and getting everything in a hellish mess and gabbling like fifty gaggle of geese. Those boys would have killed anything, and only one or two stout toppers survived them. A pity, we still think, remembering a West End full of glossy *huit-reflets* worn on every kind of skull. They gave London an air of civilised if spurious gaiety which has vanished, and they were the last sartorial link with the Regency.

Enigma

THERE is a mild mystery incidentally about the Regency topper's immediate or Early Victorian offspring over which many Surtees fans must have puzzled.

(Concluded on page 158)



"I'm against this conscription—a woman's place is in the home"



THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER
No. 2092, JULY 30, 1941

Left : Captain and Mrs. J. B. FitzGerald and Mrs. T. O'Sullivan were photographed between races at Phoenix Park Meeting, when the big race of the day, the Arnott Plate, was won by Mr. F. S. Myerscough's Avon Park. Captain FitzGerald, who is in the Irish Guards, is a nephew of Sir John FitzGerald



Right : Mrs. Johnnie Esmonde, whose husband is a member of the Dail, and Mrs. Cecil Laverty were together at Phoenix Park, and saw Mr. T. Nugent's Maritime Law win the Kingstown Plate. Mrs. Laverty is the wife of Ireland's leading Senior Counsel, Irish equivalent of King's Counsellor

Dublin Racing

Two Recent Meetings
in Ireland

Photographs by
Poole, Dublin



Left : Captain and Mrs. C. A. S. Palmer were at the recent Leopardstown Races, when Miss Dorothy Paget's Democracy won the Aran Plate. Other winners were Mr. J. H. de Bromhead's Eskimo, in the Clare 'Chase, and Honourable, who won for Mr. F. S. Myerscough in the Killiney Plate



Right : also at Leopardstown were the Hon. Mrs. Herbrand Alexander and Monsieur E. Simons, Master of the Boischauff-crie-haut Hounds in France for fifty-one seasons, who has been in Eire since the war. Mrs. Alexander's husband is heir to the Earldom of Caledon



Amongst the racing enthusiasts seen in the Members' Stand were Lady Charles Cavendish and Mr. Terence Gray, son of Sir Harold Gray. Lady Charles Cavendish, never-to-be-forgotten as Adele Astaire, is a sister-in-law of the Duke of Devonshire



Lady Nugent, wife of Sir Hugh Nugent, and Mrs. George Robinson enjoyed the afternoon's racing at Phoenix Park, when Mrs. Robinson's Sunny Star came in second in the Kimmage Plate. The race was won by Bricett, owned by Mr. J. A. Walsh



Sir John Prichard-Jones, who was on leave for a few days, was at Phoenix Park with his wife and Mrs. Dominic More O'Ferrall. Lady Prichard-Jones is a daughter of Sir Walter Nugent, the well-known Irish owner

Standing By ...

(Continued)

Whenever Mr. "Soapy" Sponge, something of a dressy character, like many hard men to hounds, bought himself a new Lincoln and Bennett he took its "long coat" off with a singeing-lamp. The process is mentioned quite casually, with no explanations. Why did fops of 1840 brutalise new and expensive topers like that, when fops of 1900 hardly dared breathe on them?

Reprise

MOTHER OXFORD, having taken a few smart incidental whirrets on the beak from various sourpuesses for awarding P. G. Wodehouse a D.Litt. (*honoris causa*) some time ago, is hoping our spies in the Academic Groves report, that the D.C.L. newly conferred on President Roosevelt will avert popular wrath and hold the pack at bay.

In our unfortunate view the University has nothing much to feel humiliated about. Whatever Wodehouse may have done since, he was a distinguished literary artist. We suspect that what some people chiefly resented about that recognition was his being a purveyor of frivolities, and therefore fit only for the servants' hall. A greater man than Wodehouse is still dismissed as an acrobat by solemn cretins and pontiffs too dull to perceive the deep fundamental truths behind those gay Chestertonian gambades. To say anything that matters you must be heavily serious (not that Wodehouse has ever said anything that mattered, which—who knows?—is probably one reason he got a D.Litt. and Chesterton didn't).

Extra

WE award Oxford another mark for daring. Our Island big-bonnets for the most part suspect gaiety and are scared stiff of satire, always excepting Auntie *Times*'s occasional elephantine gambols on the slack wire and the conscientious labours of the *Punch* boys. Suddenly finding a comedian in the line of Empire-builders and professors and usurers and wholesale grocers and others of the Samurai meet for academic honours gave the big-bonnets, we dare surmise, a wounding jolt. Next time you hear one of them being sniffy about this, hit him laughingly with a bloater.

Rokkeripen

AN official of the Gypsy Lore Society, A who doesn't mind our occasional harmless romps or rokkeripens with the Romany one little bit (*O si sic omnes!* as Horace said to the actress) has given us some interesting information about the gypsy war effort in this country.

Counting only pure gypsies, not the vague nomads and caravan-dwellers generally lumped in with them, he says one, of a famous old Romany tribe, is now a D.S.O. Six more in the Army have been mentioned in despatches, four have been decorated. Two gypsies on Civil Defence possess George Medals, five have other awards, and there is a mobile rescue squad of 52 gypsies which can and does work in the dark, while the Gorgio is forced to twiddle his thumbs and wait for dawn. And many gypsy women, he adds, are now turning their wellknown manual dexterity to munitions.

The more we think of the insufferable Borrow (George), the more we feel he would be no less popular with the Romany now than in the days when Isobel Berners nearly beamed him in the dingle and dear old

Mrs. Hearne tried firstly to poison him and secondly to poke his eye out with a sharp stick. A little more feminine efficiency might be looked for by wellwishers in 1941, maybe.

Rakeoff

THE death of the Secretary of the Anti-Bribery League reminds us of a sweet crack administered to the Baconians some time ago by a chap who had incurred their hostility by alleging that Slogger Bacon was in the habit of taking bribes.

Instantly attacked by furious Baconians for slandering their idol, this chap replied, gently as a dove: "We do not, of course, know that Bacon actually took bribes; we only know he said he did." A nice point, we thought, and moreover a lesson to modern grafters in the big money, who generally display a virginal coyness about these things. Not so a couple of experts we once overheard in a café in the Faubourg Montmartre discussing one of those gossip weekly scandal-sheets—call it *The One-Eyed Mouse*—which flourished under the Third Republic and lived almost entirely on blackmail. The *Mouse* apparently had a minor politician in hand who was getting tough and arguing the tariff. Hearing these cynics, we thanked Heaven for the blameless lives of our British political boys, each pure as the driven snow as the Marconi Case proved.

Illusion

WHETHER the Anti-Bribery League, apart from the big-time stuff, has its eye on the gossip-boys and critics we've often wondered. Rich women and novelists are constantly trying to corrupt these. Every time we see a critic in a luncheon-time huddle with a best-seller at the Saviley we feel sick. No money may be actually pass-

ing, but when we glimpse the critic toying with his brandy and nodding and smiling and saying smoothly yes, yes, assuredly, of course, I agree, oh, but certainly, oh, absolutely, we know, with Slogger Maugham, that a thumping good halfcolumn is on the way. Faugh! A booksy Machiavelli once tried to buy us with a luncheon, but honour stood firm. He found it cost him a lot more than that, egad.

The same applies to huge prima-donnas (compare the current vogue of Lily Pons, about knee-high to a Barrie elf), outsize leading ladies, Ministers for Co-Ordination, Old Roedean international Rugby halfbacks, and poor Marshal ("Fats") Goering, who for some time, if you remember, was regarded by the Race, on the word of the gossip-boys, as a Pretty Good Sort and even a Dashed Good Sportsman. Fickleness—pah!

This may be the longsought clue to all those rows and splits among our dumb chums' champions which amaze and distress the populace, who do not understand. Alternatively some of the boys and girls may be natural born fighters who join the movement merely to study the back-lash technique of savage horses, the charging of angry bulls, the stab of the butcher-bird, and so forth? We wouldn't know.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"0540—in the pale light of dawn—7 mermaids and a young sea monster all garlanded with coral—bearing 045° distance 2 miles"

Animal Ballet

Russian Dancers Were the Models for Walt Disney's Pirouetting Ostriches and Hippopotamuses in "Fantasia"



Tatiana Riabouchinska posed in practice dress for John McLeish, a story sketch artist in Walt Disney's huge entourage of artists and technicians



Entrechats by elephants and ostriches and hippos were modelled on the smooth grace of real Russian dancers. Galina Razumova, Lara Obidenna and Anna Volkova were three members of the Ballet Russe who went to the Disney studios and danced and sketched while Disney artists made lightning sketches

When *The Dance of the Hours* sequence was in the making for Walt Disney's long, high-low-brow *Fantasia*, his studio had to become as ballet-minded as the Covent Garden gallery queue during a Russian season. The same company that used to set that gallery shouting spent hours on the set, dancing sometimes for the camera, sometimes for lightning-sketch artists. From shorts and drawings made during this Russian invasion, the dance sequences for ballerinas Upanova and Hyacinth Hippo, premier danseuse Ben Ali Gator, and a company of lesser ostriches, hippos, elephants and crocodiles, were built up, and a brilliantly comic satire of classical ballet created. Baronova, upon whose splendid technique Upanova's dazzling virtuosity is modelled, was working in Hollywood when the film was being made. The other dancers, Riabouchinska, Denisova, Osato and Paul Petroff among them, were lent by the Original Ballet Russe (Colonel de Basil's), then on its way to New York from Australia. *Fantasia* (pictures and review last week) is at the New Gallery



Irina Baronova was the model for the ostrich ballerina in "Fantasia." A series of "shorts" of her dancing were made, as well as innumerable drawings



Coy and arrogant, and eye-lashed in the present fashion of Ballet Russe dancers, Mme. Upanova has feet and legs that sometimes twirl and twist so fast that even she looks astonished



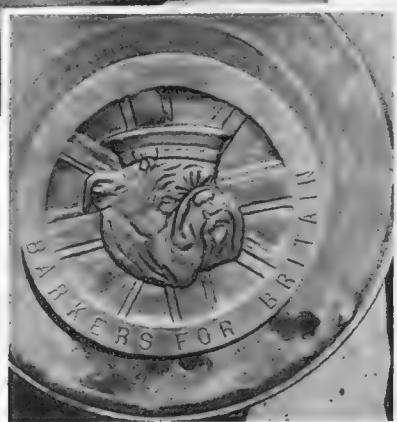
Madame Upanova has been described as a "beautifully cruel caricature" of a ballerina



Hyacinth Hippo is a leading danseuse in the Disney company. She has a partner, Ben Ali Gator, who spins her into pirouettes by her tail

Bundler Number One

Mrs. Natalie Wales Latham, Who Founded "Bundles for Britain," is One of Britain's Best American Friends



"Barkers for Britain"

Dog-lovers are rounded up to help Britain by the sale of dog medals which cost fifty cents each and make their wearers "Barkers for Britain." President Roosevelt's Scotty, Fala, has one, and above, Mrs. Latham recruits a Yorkshire terrier called Bobby



Mrs. Latham has two daughters, Mimi and Bubbles, and spends with them what time she can spare from the Bundles office. She is thirty, was a well-known, everywhere-seen socialite before she gave all that up in 1939 for her war work. She has been twice married and divorced

Mrs. Latham's day starts with an eight-o'clock, dressing-gown breakfast with her daughters. She works at home till 9.30, then goes to the office, and gets home in time for dinner which she often has in bed, still working

Mimi and Bubbles go to school in Manhattan. Three years back Mrs. Latham used to plan "dress-alike" clothes for herself and her daughters, which started a regular craze; now U.S. Navy caps are all Mrs. Latham has time to think of for the three of them





Mrs. Wales Latham Wears the "Bundles for Britain" Badge on Her Jacket

More than three million dollars is what we owe to young Mrs. Natalie Wales Latham and the organisation she founded in November 1939, and for which she has worked so hard that she has several times collapsed from exhaustion. Somewhere around a million used garments, shoes, socks, sweaters have come to us from her, plus 59 mobile canteens, 24 ambulances, 21 X-ray machines. The New York branch is now headquarters of a continent-wide organisation, with nearly a thousand branches, nearly a million voluntary workers. Most of the office and

storage space is free, thanks to Mrs. Latham's "skilful cajolery of the proper people," and in spite of its spectacular growth, "Bundles for Britain" only spends 8·4 per cent. of its gross revenue on running itself. Strange and impractical gifts are often handed over, and these—such as a herd of bulls and heifers, a plot of land in Arizona, thousands of evening shoes and morning coats—are sold. Cash thus raised goes to buy the things which Mrs. Latham knows we specially want from month to month through her correspondence with Mrs. Winston Churchill

Down the Garden Path

Mothers and Daughters in the Summer Sunshine of Their Country Homes

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Miss Rosemary Anson

The Hon. Mrs. L.



The Hon. Mrs. Rupert Anson, Her Daughter and Her Dogs at Priestwood Court



The Hon. Mrs. Rupert Anson is the eldest of her five children. She is now attending the London School of Economics. She has two sons, aged eleven and daughter of fourteen. Her little Elizabeth Georgiana Viscount and Viscountess recently, and has the K.

The Hon.
Lady B...
of Viscount
Major F...
Guards, and
indeed per...
Colonel of
children, and
after her m...
Fox, Margr...
graphed at
Lane-Fox,
Yorkshire.

son is the wife of the brother, and Rosemary four children. They live at Court, Bracknell. This year, would in season's debutantes ; misses at the evacuated parties. Mrs. Anson has a son of nine, and another husband's great-niece, Ann Anson, daughter of Anson, was christened as her godfather

Mrs. Lane-Fox is the eldest of Lord and Grey's four daughters, and a granddaughter of Halifax. She was married in 1929 to Francis Gordon Jackson, Royal Horse Guards, who changed his name to Lane-Fox by 1937, and is now serving as Lieutenant in an armoured unit. They have two sons of nine, and a daughter, called Marcia, born last September. Mrs. Lane-Fox, and Wizza the Scottie were photographed at Bourne House, Holymoor, Bucks., but Mrs. is shortly going with her children to live with her parents at Bramham Park

—Lane-Fox and Marcia



Left: Miss Ann Stapleton and Her Small Sister Susan

Captain Sir Miles Stapleton, Bt., was on leave when he was photographed with his wife and his two daughters at Westmead, his home near Newbury. He succeeded his uncle as ninth baronet in 1899 when he was six years old. Lady Stapleton is his second wife, and was Miss Miriam Edna Ludford before her marriage in 1935. Susan Penelope, their daughter, is four this year. Miss Ann Stapleton is Sir Miles Stapleton's daughter by his first wife, who died in 1933 and was a sister of the present Lady Stapleton. Both she and her stepmother are busy with war work, Ann Stapleton being a full-time V.A.D. with the Berkshire detachment of the Red Cross



Sir Miles and Lady Stapleton with Ann and Susan at Westmead

With Silent Friends

By Richard King

The Life Most of Us Live

ONE of the nicest, so, of course, one of the idlest, day-dreams we can dream is of the kind of life we would have led if Fate, or whoever decrees human destinies, had asked us in the beginning what kind of experiences we would prefer. Naturally, alas! he would have consulted us when we knew nothing about life at all. So we should probably have gone straight out for a lot of money and nothing to do. Which might easily have made of life something too dull and unimportant to record. Consequently we got what came to us—and was it something we neither desired nor expected? I'll say, in the vast majority of cases, it was! So now we often sit and dream of the kind of second life we would wish to lead; knowing ourselves too well by now, and life and other human beings far more intimately to allay suspicion of both when it comes to relying upon either. Which may sound pessimistic perhaps, but, in reality, is far beyond pessimism. For pessimism suggests a subconscious resistance; sufficient enough anyway to become all hot and bothered about it. What I intend to convey is a kind of numbed resignation which doesn't contain much forgiveness but a good deal of "hurt," and expresses itself by a shrugged shoulder and the kind of smile which is a mingling of resentful wonder and the capacity of seeing the other side of the same "joke." Rather like the feelings of someone, who has been deliberately knocked out so that life became infinitely less beautiful henceforward, but the misfortune taught him to bear pain and sorrow in surprising dignity—if that be any consolation! Which it well may be amid human association,

but makes us tragically lonely in the inner life we all must lead.

No wonder anything which encourages wishful thinking is as popular as pay-day. I like it myself and have grown so wise, or foolish, that at least half of my mind rushes out to meet it. For to know when you are happy, be it merely freedom momentarily from mental or physical pain, or simply a feeling of exhilarating well-being, and to drag out that moment—for it usually is only a moment—to its longest extent, is to secure something which nothing later on, except perchance death, can rob you of. The grim school-marm, who seems to rule our lives, has been diddled for once. We caught her napping, and if I may so prosaically express it, are "one up on her" for the rest of our lives.

The Man Who Enjoyed His Life

NATURALLY, I write only of those whom I consider to be the majority. There are people, many people, who if they had their lives to live over again would delight in repeating the same programme with scarcely a change. Usually you will find that throughout their lives they could express themselves in the kind of work Fate decreed they should do. They never found themselves "on the rocks"; once, they were happy in their love and friendships, they were not hypersensitive or shy, they enjoyed good health, and were extremely modest in their demands, especially the profounder needs. Briefly, in life's race they "drew a horse." But that leaves a larger number of "also rans," doesn't it?

All the same, I love meeting those who "drew horses" even if the horse they drew

wasn't ultimately among the first three. They are like a tonic—not to be taken all the time, perhaps, but excellent as exuding a feeling of well-being. Happiness, unless it be a love-happiness, is beautifully catching. Like a guest who cheers us all up. Love-happiness, on the other hand, can make us feel very lonely if it be enjoyed by other people. In almost every case, anyway, it is so very self-contained that, to those outside it it is like feeling rather hungry and watching someone else eating a good dinner while you have to make up a hymn of praise to a plain bun. The other kind of happily contented people, however, is a social delight. They have the capacity of quickly getting over things—whether those be what they wanted for the moment and couldn't have, or what they have but don't particularly want. They just don't allow anybody or anything to get them completely down; their reward being that they usually get what they desire before it is too late—unlike most of us, in parenthesis.

I like meeting them. I like the books they write. Consequently, I thoroughly enjoyed Mr. Eveleigh Nash's volume of reminiscences, *I Liked the Life I Lived* (John Murray; 9s.).

First-Rate Anecdotes

THE book is only vaguely an autobiography. If I could describe it in a few words I would say it was a volume of first-rate stories connected by a minor thread of life-story running through it. Eveleigh Nash began the kind of work he wanted early in life. After fulfilling a period of apprenticeship in various well-known firms in London, he set up as a publisher and from the start was well-nigh continuously successful. He married; he retired. And all the way through his professional and private life he met and knew well most of the well-known literary personalities of his day. His book, then, is rather like meeting a number of famous people, each with his or her own anecdote attached. The result is extremely readable, because all the stories are good.

(Concluded on page 166)



Sir John Blunt



General de Gaulle



June Hanké—St. John Ambulance

These three portraits are by Serge Rodzianko and are in the exhibition of oil paintings by the Russian artist and Peter Scott now at Arthur Ackermann's gallery in Old Bond Street. One-third of the proceeds of any sales are being given to Admiral Muselier's Spitfire Fund, and Serge Rodzianko undertakes commissions for portraits on the same basis, including portraits of men on active service, from photographs

Decorations

A Recent Buckingham Palace Investiture



K.C.B. — Lieut.-General Sir Ronald Forbes Adam, C.B., D.S.O., O.B.E., and Vice-Admiral Tom Spencer Phillips, C.B., received K.C.B.'s in the Birthday Honours. General Adam (who is a baronet) is Adjutant-General to the Forces. Admiral Phillips is Vice Chief of Naval Staff at the Admiralty



K.C.B. — two more Birthday Honours knighthoods were awarded to Vice-Admiral William Jock Whitworth, C.B., D.S.O., Second Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Personnel, and Vice-Admiral John Henry Daunes Cunningham, C.B., M.V.O., Fourth Sea Lord and Chief of Supplies and Transport



D.S.O. — Three airmen who received the D.S.O. were Wing-Com. J. N. H. Whitworth, D.F.C. and Bar, Wing-Com. S. C. Elworthy, D.F.C. and Bar, and Sq.-Ldr. R. Saurey-Cookson, D.F.C.



O.B.E. was awarded to Colonel Keith Webster, Chief Constable of Gravesend, here with his wife and son. Mrs. Webster has now been four times to the Palace, once before with her husband when he got the Police Medal for gallantry, and twice with her son, Flying-Officer Alexander Webster, who has the D.F.C. and Bar



M.B.E. was the award of Col. George Sherriff Hussey, M.C., Commander of the L.M.S. Railway Home Guard. Mrs. Hussey and Miss Hussey went to the Palace with him



M.B.E. for another Home Guard and old soldier was that of Capt. A. C. Sutherland, Dundee Home Guard. His wife and schoolgirl daughter came to London to see him receive his award from the King

With Silent Friends (Continued)

choose a few of the ones which appealed to me especially.

This one, for example, of the famous Father Healy whose wit was proverbial. "He was playing cards one evening at the Vice-Regal Lodge, Dublin, and, having lost a small sum, he took out a handful of coppers and a threepenny-bit, whereupon a young peer at the table exclaimed, 'Ah, Father, I'm afraid you've been robbing the offertory.' 'How clever of your lordship to recognise your own contribution,' was the quick reply as Healy indicated the threepenny-piece."

And this one, although not very new, always amuses me. "In Hell, Dives looked up from the floor of the bottomless pit and seeing Lazarus in Abraham's bosom cried out to the Lord, 'Lord, would you send Lazarus to me with a cup of water to cool my tongue?' 'No,' answered the Lord, 'ye have sinned.' 'I know, Lord,' replied Dives, 'but I didna ken.' 'Well, Dives,' said the Lord, looking down in His infinite compassion and mercy 'ye ken noo.'"

The book, as I wrote above, is full of excellent yarns, combined with some interesting gossip about such men as Henry James, J. M. Barrie, W. H. Hudson, Joseph Conrad, Oscar Wilde, Rider Haggard, Marie Corelli, and Charles Garvice. I can so thoroughly recommend these reminiscences, always provided you are interested in books and authors, as something which gets you away from the War-and-all-that and holds your attention all the time.

She Would Be a "Medium"

I suppose most of us are self-deceived. Often it's the secret of half our happiness. Even when we begin to suspect our self-deception we hang on to it desperately. Maybe it has become a habit by then and habits do seem to lend rhythm to the commonplace periods of life. If we once let go, so to speak, there seems nothing else to hold on to. Well, in time, the sincerely self-deceived become almost impressive. Especially if, as the years advance, they go down with all their second-hand flags flying. I dare say, viewed objectively, Emma Shardiloe, the heroine of Margaret Lane's new novel, *Walk Into My Parlour* (Heinemann; 9s. 6d.) is a fraud. Yet, in the end, so undefeated is she in her fraudulence, one gets almost to like her. At least, one feels sorry for her and pity cannot nurse grudges.

Emma's parents were music-hall artists, and it was while she played as a child behind the scenes that she fell under the influence of an illusionist. She was easy prey, because by nature she was an exhibitionist. All her childish pranks drew attention to herself. She even saw "visions" and that made everybody pause

in wonder. When they called her "psychic" her cup of pride was full. It shaped her subsequent career. She felt she could more than hold her own against an elder sister, whose beauty overshadowed her and, hatefully, was such an easy public "victory" as beauty always is. Emma attended a weekly private séance at the house of a certain Mr. Dawes through whose lips the living received messages from their beloved dead. His character is cleverly drawn. He is not a professional medium; in fact, he is the manager of a large drapery stores. He achieved that position by a number of cunning, outwardly simple little ways, and by the same means he achieved his reputation as a spiritualist. Here, Emma thinks, is her big chance. She goes into a trance, or believes she does, and awaits orders. But Mr. Dawes hesitates. What is faith, he asks? Then answers it himself by asserting that whatever means may be employed to achieve a valuable end are justified. And so he uses Emma, and as he uses her she loses all disbelief in her own occult powers.

Time passes and she has become the wife of a general practitioner in London. Her reputation as a medium is established. But, alas, a titled friend sues her for the return of gifts, which include a number of faked spirit photographs, that had been presented to her for her services. She is

exposed, but her newspaper "confessions" amply repay her for that professional downfall. Still she clings, however, to her self-deception. She cannot renounce her air of other-worldliness. It is part of her pride and happiness.

So we leave her at last a tawdry woman of sixty, in a little back room in Pimlico, still looking "occult, basfing, and wonderful"; still the priestess, the oracle, the possessor of great "secrets." Miss Lane has drawn her character brilliantly. Her story is not so much an exposure of spiritualism as a vivid, entertaining study of the people who are drawn towards spiritualism-ready to believe anything; as well as of those who pander, often unconsciously, to that too-easy belief. As good a novel as I have read for a long time.

Charming Short Stories and Some Murders

"**M**ISS SWINFORD REMEMBERS" (John Crowther; 3s. 6d.), by Stella Margetson is a little book of fifteen short stories, all written with a sympathy and charm which should one day carry her far: for this is her first published book and Christopher Stone has written a delightful Introduction to it. In it he reminds us that the writer's mother is "Florence Collingbourne," whom older playgoers will so well remember as one of the Daly Theatre stars. Her daughter should certainly succeed also—though in a different sphere. One thing she already possesses—an easy, almost dainty style; but what is far more uncommon, a remarkable sympathy and understanding of older people; especially those elderly ladies who, almost alone in the world, show such a quietly brave face to the world, though behind it there are often shattered dreams and loneliness, and that outward shyness of people who feel that in the whirligig of bustling human life they do not matter much any more. Most of Miss Margetson's heroines are of this kind, and she has managed to make them far more psychologically interesting than if they had still been young and beautiful and passionately loved. Hers is a very charming little book of stories—little human stories.

"**S**OME LIKE IT GORY" (Jarrold; 8s. 6d.), by John Kobler, with its sub-title, "A Post Graduate Course in the Art of Murder," tells us the story of goodness knows how many murders, suicides and divorces which have been caused in the United States by bridge! A woman who was killed by a grape-fruit bowl because, holding thirteen diamonds, she called six no-trumps, is a specimen. Most of the time one doesn't know if to laugh or be horror-struck, and the author doesn't seem to be quite decided either. But I think, on the whole, the laughs have it. Nevertheless, Mr. Kobler tries to curdle our blood and sometimes succeeds; but even at his grimdest he seems unable to avoid seeing the funny side of these actual human tragedies. And so, sometimes against our will, do we.



Mrs. Harvie Watt and Her Son

Mrs. Harvie Watt is the wife of Mr. Churchill's new Parliamentary Private Secretary, Colonel G. S. Harvie Watt, M.P. She was Miss Bettie Taylor before her marriage in 1932, and young James Harvie Watt is her only child. Colonel Harvie Watt has been on active service since war began, and was given command of an A.A. Brigade shortly before his new political appointment. He has represented Richmond since 1937, was Member for Keighley from 1931-5, and an Assistant Whip from 1938 to 1940

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review
of Weddings and Engagements



Pearl Freeman

Mrs. J. W. Peel

Joan Brittain, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Brittain, and granddaughter of Colonel R. Brittain, of Failand Hall, Somerset, was married last month to Sec.-Lieut. John Willoughby Peel, Intelligence Corps, eldest son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. W. E. Peel, of Eagles Corre, Haddington

**Dorothy Gage and Captain Akers-Douglas**

Captain Anthony Akers-Douglas, 13th-18th (Q.M.O.) Royal Hussars, younger son of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. George and Mrs. Akers-Douglas, of Colebrooke Park, Tonbridge, Kent, and nephew of Viscount Chilston, is to marry Dorothy Gage, daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. M. F. Gage, of West Gaddon, Rugby



Lenare

Mrs. P. W. Townsend

Cecil Rosemary Pawle, younger daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. Hanbury Pawle, of the Priory Farm, Widford, Herts., was married at Much Hadham, to Wing Com. Peter Woolridge Townsend, R.A.F., second son of the late Lieut.-Colonel E. C. Townsend, and Mrs. Townsend, of Mill Cottage, Treyford, Sussex

**Bosanquet—Park**

Lieut. David F. R. Bosanquet, R.A., only son of Major A. R. Bosanquet, and Lady Katherine Bosanquet, of Broomhall, Coltered, Herts., and grandson of the Earl of Southesk, and June Park, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Park, of the Old Shooting Box, Eastcote, Pinner, Middlesex, were married at Pinner Parish Church

**Astley Cooper—Piercy**

Captain Gerald Nigel Astley Cooper, Ox. and Bucks L.I., elder son of Lieut.-Colonel G. B. Astley Cooper, of Thurston, Suffolk, and Mary Constance Piercy, daughter of Captain and the Hon. Mrs. B. H. Piercy, of Fornham House, Fornham St. Martin, Suffolk, and niece of Lord Forteviot, were married at Fornham St. Martin Church

**Hennessy—Stokes**

Lieut. Robert A. M. Hennessy, R.N., second son of Captain R. Hennessy, of Bagnole, Cognac, France, and the late Mrs. Hennessy, and Valerie Stokes, elder daughter of Capt. and Mrs. V. A. P. Stokes, of 4, Sussex Mansions, S.W.7, were married at Brompton Oratory

(Concluded on page 170)

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Digging for Victory

HERE may be nothing in it; but, on the other hand, there may, and it is certain that a neurotic like Herr Hitler will believe that there is. Almost synchronously with the start of his Russian grab, some scientists at Samarkand dug up Tamerlane, and also two of his sons and one of his grandsons. We all know the old saying: "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar." This will not have been lost upon the *Verfuehrer* of Germany, who is even more superstitious than are jockeys, especially the steeplechasing kind, who have a strong dislike for a new jacket that has never been down, and have ere now thrown it down on the floor of the dressing-room before putting it on. Hunting people are almost as bad where a coat that has not been "christened" is concerned.

Timour Lengh (1336-1405), "Timour the Lame," so the information says, was almost as fresh as he was the day he was put down, and his heavily-brocaded clothes were found to be in first-class order. This looks as if he rather expected to be dug up at some psychological moment and as if he were sure that his peculiar talents would be needed yet once again. He was called "The Lame" because one of his legs was shorter than the other, and he had only one hand. It is related of him that he treated his captives with "truly god-like clemency" until they showed ugly: then he was wont to chain them up and put them in cages.

I feel somehow that Herr Hitler must have read all about this.

Lord Castlerosse's Inspiration

"PITT THE YOUNGER," now being made in a London studio by Twentieth Century-Fox, is likely to be voted the most

brilliant inspiration which has descended upon any author of a moving picture. It deals naturally with that period in our history (1782-93) when England was forced to conclude what was an ignominious peace, imposed by victorious enemies after eight years of fruitless war, during which, in the words of the contemporary historian, "English armies had grown accustomed to defeat, and English fleets only just held their own upon the seas." It was that moment in our history when a young man of twenty-four revitalised the nation, swept all the incompetents out of office, and finally led England back to a period of glory which has never even been equalled.

The purpose of this film, written by Lord Castlerosse and Mr. Sydney Gilliat, is quite obvious. At that period England was in far graver peril than she has ever been, and the present moment hardly bears comparison.

In Robert Donat they have secured the best possible actor for the younger Pitt, and if the excerpt of his great speech which we have already heard over the wireless is an earnest of the general excellence of this production, something in the way of history will have been made.

The period with which *Pitt the Younger* deals presents us with a picture in hues which were more sombre than any in the past history of this realm. England's prestige was gone, her pride humbled, her finances in an almost hopeless condition of exhaustion, her internal politics completely



Poole, Dublin

An Irish Engagement

A recently-engaged couple photographed at Leopardstown Races were Mr. Gerald Annesley, the well-known Irish racehorse owner, and Miss Mary Macdonald, daughter of the late Major D. R. Macdonald, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Macdonald, of Hollymont, Carlow. Miss Macdonald is a very keen follower of the Carlow Hounds

disintegrated—and yet . . . It may make us understand that we do not know how to count our blessings.

Late Master of a Very Ancient Pack

THE much-lamented death of Lieut.-Col. Adrian Bethell, whose family name has been connected with Holderness Hunt history since 1765 (Mr. William Bethell's date), is a personal loss not merely to a very large number of friends, but removes a landmark in the fox-hunting world. Adrian Bethell's personal connection as a Master dates back to season 1927-28, but the family name in Holderness records dates back, as just stated, to 1765, the year in which the country came into existence as it is to-day. Before this, and during the days of William Draper, the Osbaldeston of the



Stuart, Oxford



Stuart, Oxford

The Match Between Marlborough and Cheltenham at Cheltenham

The Cheltenham XI. during the season have won their match with St. Edward's, lost to Marlborough, and drawn with the Army. L. to r. (standing) A. E. Herring, J. W. T. Tapp, A. D. Walker, F. J. Barroll, D. A. T. F. Swiney, A. W. J. Whitaker; (sitting) B. Moxon, R. A. St. M. Reeve-Tucker, W. Pakenham-Walsh (captain), J. R. Fischell, D. St. J. B. Atkinson

Marlborough, victorious at Cheltenham, have also beaten Wellington and drawn with Harrow. The Marlborough XI.: l. to r. (standing) M. G. Farrant, P. A. Robertson, A. N. C. Lothian, J. W. Sewell, A. M. Hudson, O. G. Pratt, M. Y. James; (sitting) P. M. B. Sutcliffe, R. A. Fletcher, C. J. Studdert-Kennedy (captain), G. E. S. Woodhouse, A. Bagot

**Mrs. Winant and a Prize-Winner**

When Mrs. John G. Winant, wife of the American Ambassador, presented the Sports Day prizes at Buckingham College, Harrow, fifteen-year-old Desmond Brazier went up twelve times to receive cups—six won by himself, and the other six as captain of winning teams

North, certain parts of the Holderness country were hunted by private packs, but it was under Bethell, 1765-1794, that the hunting domain which dates back to 1279 (Adam de Everingham) was consolidated. It is a somewhat ancient and very interesting connection.

Here are a few Holderness dates: Adam de Everingham, 1279, who was granted a patent-roll by Edward I. "to hunt the fox in the King's Chaces and Warren of Holderness, except during the fence months"; Sir Michael de Warton, a Holderness Master till 1665, when he died; William Draper, 1726-1746; William Bethell, 1765-1794. From 1746 to 1765, Darley of Aldby Park (owner of the Darley Arabian, whose portrait still hangs at Aldby—he looks a very small bay horse) hunted only a part of the country. William Bethell's brother, Hugh, married Dorothy Draper, a daughter of the famous William, who *Baily* gives us as the first Holderness Master. This, of course, is not quite correct. It was during William Bethell's mastership that an historic person, "Hell Fire" Jack (Robinson), was his huntsman. It is said of him that he drank as hard as he rode, and that that was saying a mouthful. And it is a country that demands a bold spirit.

The Holderness "chasms," very wide and deep drains, want a bit of doing. There is a well-authenticated yarn about a stranger who got into one of them and believed that he was drowning. He shouted to a hard-riding farmer who had got over safely: "Hi! Help! I'm drowning!"

The farmer turned in his saddle and shouted back: "Oh, no, you aren't! Your head's out of water!"

Personally, I have not been into one of these Holderness drains—only into the Foulness (pronounced locally "Fou'ness") River, in the York and Ainsty country, but I can sympathise just the same!

A Two-Year-Old Handicap

OUR industrious friend "Augur" of the *Sporting Life* has worked out a most interesting handicap, in which he arrives at

the conclusion that his Majesty's Big Game is 6 lb. better than Ujiji (or You-Gee-Gee, have it which way you like), the recent winner of the July Stakes at the Newmarket "Ascot," and 7 lb. better than Umballa. Big Game has not met either of them, and at the moment I cannot find a collateral guide to this appraisement. It is probably right in actual fact, and I am in entire agreement with our friend that the King's colt has a paramount claim to be the winter favourite for the Derby of 1942, but I cannot find my way to the figures.

"Augur" makes Big Game 11 lb. better than Watling Street and 14 lb. better than Paramount, the two that ran second and third to him in the Coventry Stakes at "Ascot." The distances were four lengths and four lengths, the winner having the race in his pocket a long way from home, so the deductions here are quite easy to follow. Four lengths equal 12 lb. all out, but Big Game was not all out, and so I think our handicapper has taken a generous view of Watling Street and an even more generous one of Paramount, who was eight lengths (24 lb.) behind the winner. It may, of course, be that when their jockeys saw, as they must have done, that defeat was inevitable, they resigned from an unequal contest; but the main fact is that Big Game settled their respective hashes, quite a distance (240 yards) from home.

Some say that the King's slashing big colt looks more like a four-year-old than

a two-year-old. This may be piling it on a bit, but he certainly looks like a very well-matured three-year-old.

Many Happy . . . !

MAY 1941 be only the first of many *Punch* centenaries, a wish that will be re-echoed by many millions besides one of our friend's humblest contributors. In a most interesting birthday greeting from *The Times*, in which the names of so many big guns who have adorned Mr. *Punch*'s pages in the past are catalogued, there is one notable omission, Sir Frank Burnand, an outstanding editor, an Old Etonian and a most lovable personality. When I was a little boy I had three great ambitions: (1) to be Master of the Quorn; (2) to be Lord Mayor; and (3) to be editor of *Punch*! None of these has come my way—so far!

Burnand was one of those delightful people who are able to tell a joke against themselves, and one of which he was very fond concerned an encounter with W. S. Gilbert, who, as the world knows, was the possessor of a mordant wit all his own. The story goes like this. When Burnand and Gilbert were walking back to the *Punch* office after lunch, the latter suddenly said to the editor: "I suppose you get thousands of funny stories sent you, don't you?"

The unsuspecting Burnand replied: "Oh, thousands and thousands!"

"Then," said Gilbert like a flash, "why the devil don't you put them in *Punch*?"

**A Certain Liveliness at a R.O.C. Centre, by Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler**

A Royal Observer Corps centre is a lively spot, the hub of many posts connected by telephone. Plotters with headphones are busy with symbols denoting hostile or friendly aircraft; tellers look down on the table and report accordingly; the table supervisor and the Crew Controller in charge of the watch on duty are active; tea and tobacco are in evidence, while every so often the lamp changes colour as a signal to clear the board and start again. R.O.C. personnel are middle-aged, draw 1s. 3d. an hour and do grand work all over the country

Getting Married (Continued)



Dearing — Nell

Sub-Lieut. Peter Dearing, R.N.V.R., and Pamela Louise Nell, actress daughter of Captain and Mrs. W. A. Nell, of Highwood Park, Mill Hill, N.W.7, were married at St. Paul's, Mill Hill. Mr. Dearing was on the stage both as an actor and producer before he joined up



Stokes — Mollison

Lieut. H. Allen Stokes, Queen's Westminsters, K.R.R.C., only son of the late Harry Stokes, of Calcutta, and Mrs. Stokes, of Pawntlet, Trebetherick, Cornwall, was married at St. Endellion, Polzeath, to Joan Mollison, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Mollison, of 23, Devonshire Place, W.1, and Innisfree, Polzeath, Cornwall



Frazer — Cardew

Colonel Frederick Arthur Frazer, D.S.O., and Sylvia Cardew, daughter of the late Harold Cardew, of Oakshot, Liss, Hants., and Mrs. Cardew, were married at Brompton Oratory. Colonel Frazer's first wife died in 1939, and he has one daughter



Davies — Taylor

Lieut. W. C. R. Davies, R.A., son of the late Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Davies, of Muckridge House, Youghal, Co. Cork, and Irene Taylor, daughter of S. Taylor, of Holywell, Flintshire, and the late Mrs. Taylor, were married at Babworth, near Retford



Bryant-Fenn — Noble

Flt.-Lt. L. T. Bryant-Fenn, R.A.F., son of Mrs. M. Bryant-Fenn, of Farnborough, Hants., and Betty Noble, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Noble, of Buckingham Way, Wallington, Surrey, were married at St. Mary's, Beddington, Surrey



Andrews — Webb

Pilot-Officer Harry Andrews, R.A.F.V.R., and Sybil Grace Webb were married last month at Penn Church, Bucks. His home is at Riverstone, Helensburgh, Scotland, and hers is Hutchins Barn, Beaconsfield, Bucks.



Evans — Jolly

Pilot-Officer Michael Roquier Evans, youngest son of Captain and Mrs. J. D. D. Evans, of Ffrwdgwrch, Brecon, and Pamela Mary Jolly were married at St. Saviour's, Walton Street. She is the only daughter of the late W. Arnold Jolly, and Mrs. Jolly, of 34, Roland Gardens, S.W.7.



Rolt — Le May

Sq.-Ldr. Peter Crawford Rolt, R.A.F., and Betty Eileen Le May were married at St. Bartholemew's, Horley, Surrey. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Rolt, of Priestlands, Horley, and she is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Le May, of Yaldenden Lodge, Horley



Starkie — Malone

Capt. William Edward Starkie, R.A., son of the late R. F. Starkie, of Cregane Manor, Rosscarbury, Co. Cork, and Mrs. Starkie (Prince of Wales Hotel, W.8), and Marguerite Ida Malone, daughter of Surg.-Capt. A. E. Malone, R.N., and Mrs. Malone (also at the Prince of Wales Hotel), were married in London

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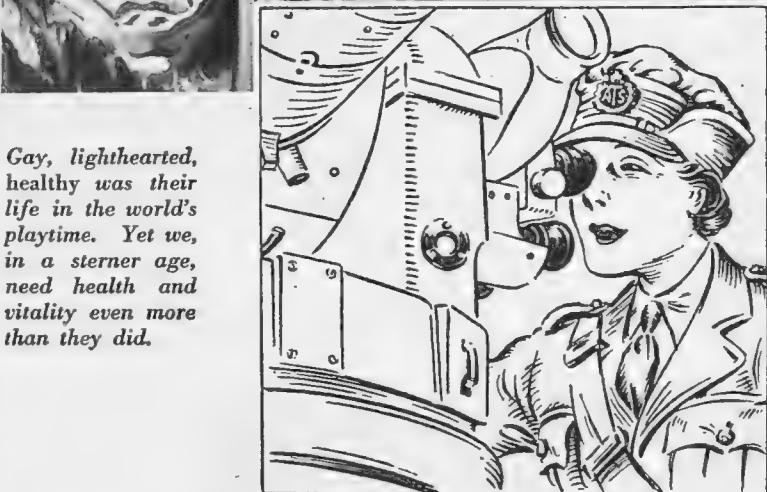
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Nerve versus Nerves —yesterday and today

No one has much patience nowadays with people who grumble about "wartime nerves" and run-down condition. They are boring people. But it is a foolish person who, from mistaken bravery, endures headaches, exhaustion and jumpy nerves without doing anything about them. Complaints of this sort nearly always arise from one thing—lack of organic phosphorus and protein in the body, and it is precisely these which 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food will replace.

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Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Foresight

THINKING of numbers and doubling them used to be a favourite exercise of the newspapers. If an aeroplane flew at 300 miles an hour, they announced that one would soon be flying at 600. If one climbed to 30,000 ft., they proclaimed that another was being prepared for flying at 60,000 ft.

Lord Rothermere, entering this field of numerical knees up Mother Brown, danced clean away from the field with a demand—loyally churned out on his numerous daily barrel-organs—for an air force for Britain with a first-line strength of 10,000 machines.

As we were then thinking in first-line strengths of 700 or 800, there were plenty of engineering and other all-highests, with much alphabetical bric-à-brac behind their names, to point out that the idea was ridiculous and that no country could ever have an air force of that size.

How we wish now that we had listened to Lord Rothermere and not to the all-highests! For although it is true that no country yet has an air force of anything approaching 10,000 first-line strength—the biggest is around 5000—we know that 10,000 is a practical possibility and we know also that it would bring with it a degree of air dominance which would have a major influence on the course of the war.



A Polish Flag Arrives in England

On July 16th Air Vice-Marshal Ujejski presented a flag, secretly embroidered by Polish women in their country, to the Senior Bombing Station of the Polish Air Force, somewhere in England. Air Marshal Sir A. S. Barratt and General Sikorski (who is seen on the left in the picture) were present at the ceremony. A Polish girl made a hazardous journey through Europe to bring the flag to England.

All for One

BUT the fault of the experts and all-highests is ever the same. Unless a project comes within their immediate purview, they cast scorn upon it. And their scorn, being of the ponderous and academic order, makes friends and influences people.

I suppose that *The Times* expresses most vigorously the views of the people who know and who know they know. In its correspondence columns can usually be found a lofty sniff or two at the imaginative projects of the technically uninhibited. When Sir Alliott Verdon-Roe was actually flying, *The Times* published a note showing concisely and finally why mechanical flight was impossible and implying the disdain of the engineer for the less fully instructed pioneer and innovator.

Thank goodness our pioneers are tough enough to bear the scorn of the very elevated and still get on with their creative thinking. But there are big delays, and in accepting the accuracy of Lord Rothermere's vision we have been very backward.

It is worth recalling that the Bristol Blenheim to which we have owed so much during the daylight offensive just lately and which has been active since the beginning of the war, owes its existence in the R.A.F. to Lord Rothermere.

Faith

ONE of our national faults is that we have devised and perfected over a period of years this aforesaid method of defanaticisation. Some fanatics wilt under the cold, supercilious stare of the more ponderous pundits. But Lord Rothermere did not lose faith.

He saw farther ahead either than the engineers or the Air Staff. And he was able and willing to back his beliefs with the very large sums of money that are needed to construct an aircraft prototype. (It was called "Britain First"—a name which intensified the scornful lip-curling of the all-highests.)

And "Britain First," modified to form the Blenheim, is the concrete and cogent warning against paying too much attention to the doubting, ancient and arterio-sclerotic views of the official all-highests. Let us take note of the opinions of those who express creative if unorthodox views. Let us venerate the vulgar.

Imagine an all-air force, with land and sea auxiliaries. Imagine an air force with a first-line strength of 20,000 aircraft comprising strong bomber and fighter forces, a full and comprehensive air transport service, and machines ranging from small single-seat fighters up to flying-boats of a couple of hundred tons. Is the scheme impossible? The senile narcissans of the Civil Service would unhesitatingly say "yes." The engineering all-highests would say "yes." The Air Staff



The Motor Industry Presents

Mr. W. E. Rootes gave a cheque, on behalf of the Motor Industry Fighter Fund, to Pilot-Officer Duncan Smith, D.F.C., for the Minister of Aircraft Production. The money is to pay for a formation of fighter aircraft, part of the effort of the motor industry to provide a complete fighter squadron. Mr. H. G. Starley, organising secretary of the Motor Industry Fighter Fund, is in the centre

would just smile pityingly. Yet my considered and serious view is that such an all-air force is possible to-day.

I go further and say that it would be able to dominate land and sea forces of greater numerical strength and demanding a larger industrial, financial and general man-hours background. In other words, I say that air power developed up to the hilt could sway modern war on its own and using land and sea forces only as auxiliaries.

Bombing

It is because we ought to be careful how we treat the creative thinkers—many of our past troubles having been due to our habit of neglecting them and throwing them down—that I am always interested in the views of Mr. Noel Pemberton-Billing.

He is a creative thinker with the knack of seeing ahead. I am entirely opposed to some of his ideas, and I think that many of them really are impracticable. But they are all interesting, and Mr. Pemberton-Billing has the power of expressing them in a most arresting manner. He is fundamentally a doubter of accepted and conventional ideas, and that is the beginning of wisdom.

Just lately he has been publishing books—little ones and now a big one—on his ideas of how to cope with the night bomber and how to improve our own bombing powers. His slip wing, whether it be sound or not from the design point of view, is always brilliantly argued.

I strongly recommend those who understand how important it is to encourage our ideas-makers to read Pemberton-Billing.

Meanwhile, we can state the aeronautical creed. I believe in aviation. To aviation all things are possible. I believe that an all-air force is the eventual solution to military might. I believe in the aeroplane, large, small and middling, and I believe that with the warship and the tank as auxiliaries it can dictate the course of all military operations.



"IDEALS in cars vary enormously. Surely the highest conception of an automobile is that it shall enable a man to be somewhere else with the minimum loss of time and energy; with the maximum of speed and comfort, silence, safety and enjoyment. I believe the Mark V Bentley more nearly approaches this ideal than any other motor car yet built."—*Motor*.

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Bubble and Squeak

Stories from Everywhere

Two soldiers were eagerly reading letters from home. Suddenly Bill gave a shout.

"Strike me pink!" he exclaimed. "My son's got three feet!"

"Chuck it!" retorted Tom. "Tain't possible."

"Strue!" said Bill. "See what my missus says 'ere."

He handed the letter to Tom, who read: "You won't know little Johnny now. He's grown another foot."

Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"We can't expect uncontrolled peace after all this, yer know, Sheik.
It's sure to be rationed for a bit"

THE new cook had just arrived. "Well, I hope you will like it here," remarked the mistress.

"Oh," replied the cook blandly, "I'll shake down all right, mum. You're just the sort of mistress I like—pleasant, 'omely, and not too posh."

A CLUB in Scotland meets twice a week. On Monday the members listen to English jokes, and on Saturday they meet to enjoy a hearty laugh.

THE widow was arranging about a tombstone for her late husband, and asked for the words "My sorrow is greater than I can bear" to be placed upon the memorial.

A few months later the lady returned and asked how much it would cost to have the inscription effaced, and another substituted.

"No need of that, madam," replied the man soothingly, "you see, I left just enough room to add 'alone.'"

A NEGRO boxer was booked to fight a heavyweight champion. But as the date drew near his manager realised that his heart was not in the job.

"It will be all right, Sambo," said his manager. "Just keep on saying to yourself, 'I'm going to beat that fellow,' and you just can't fail to win."

"Dat's no good, boss," replied Sambo miserably. "Ah knows jest what a liar Ah am."

THE village inspector was aware that the village innkeeper was, in sporting parlance, "making a book."

Being too well known himself to lay the offender by the heels, he sent for two detectives from a neighbouring town and explained matters to them.

The detectives visited the inn, and after calling for drinks, inquired the odds for a certain race and were told 5 to 1 bar three.

"Now," they thought gleefully, "we have him."

"What three do you bar?" was the next inquiry.

The innkeeper smiled pleasantly as he answered, "You two and the inspector."

OLD Farmer Robinson broke his plough, so he decided to cycle to the next farm and borrow a plough from Farmer Brown.

As he was cycling he started thinking: "I wonder if old Brown will lend me that plough."

Ten minutes later he was thinking: "I doubt if old Brown will lend it to me."

As he got near to the neighbouring farm he thought: "I'm sure old Brown won't lend it to me."

Farmer Brown came to the door, smiled, and asked: "Well, and what can I do for you?"

"I just came to say," snorted Robinson, "that you can keep your bloomin' plough!"

IT had been a fearful voyage, and nearly all the passengers were ill. As a steward entered the cabin of one sufferer, he endeavoured to cheer him up by saying brightly: "Don't worry, sir. Sea-sickness never killed anyone yet."

"Oh, don't say that," moaned the stricken passenger. "It's only the hope of dying that's kept me alive as far as this."

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION by M. E. BROOKE



Feed the Skin

Generally speaking the outdoor girl as well as those engaged in war work consider a good skin more important than "make-up." Warmly to be recommended for preserving the complexion is Pomeroy's skin food, which has stood the test of time. Again there is the skin conditioner which is a double purpose cream, acting both as a tonic and a foundation cream



Checks in Autumn Colours

Finnigans, New Bond Street, have always made a feature of admirably tailored suits, and their autumn collection is no exception to the rule. Tweed in autumn colourings has been chosen for the coat and skirt above. The former has a high buttoning rever and practical pockets, the skirt being arranged with stitched inverted pleats. Accessories play a very important role, and it is worth noticing the clever manner in which they harmonise and strike a contrast with the tailor-mades. A new fabric has made its debut: it is a light-weight cloth and suggests crepe romaine. It is available in an infinite variety of colours, and simple hats that need no coupons have their roles to play; they are in non-committal shades



For Export

There is a brake on the wheel of fashion; nevertheless it is not stationary, especially where furs for export are concerned. The fine furs now on view at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, were produced for export by Selincourt and Sons, 3 Vere Street. An interesting squirrel model appears on the left, the colour "Black Coffee" is a new dye; remarkably lustrous, the working of the skins must be carefully studied as it is unusual, and exceptionally beautiful. The aspect of this fur is completely altered by modern science. Another fur which will soon come under the title of "precious" is Canadian musquash dyed to look like Kolinsky. The price of all furs will go up in the near future, but it is false economy not to buy the best, as by this means a good value will be obtained for coupons

See it's 'Celanese', and your
Coupons will go further



Now, of all times, you must buy what you know is good—And the Quality of 'Celanese' is as good as ever it was. If you do not find it here or there, look somewhere else. 'Celanese' is quickly snapped up, but it is well worth looking for in Undies, Nighties, Pyjamas, Dresses and Dress Lengths. Also in Men's Shirts, Dressing Gowns, Ties and Pyjamas—and Children's things.

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The May Fair

UNCH, dine, sup or stay at this Berkeley Street hotel and you'll always find an atmosphere of complete happiness and gaiety. The last few nights, over 250 people have dined or supped every evening in the spacious May Fair. Maybe the latest cabaret is part of the attraction. I must say that Jack and Daphne Barker are still wartime tops in this regard. But I won't go into detail. See for yourself. A breath of fresh air comes straight from Brighton; carried personally by one Frederick Kuhn, the newly-joined maître d'hôtel of the May Fair whom many of us knew so well in his last Metropole—Brighton capacity. So with petrol shortage, say a temporary, farewell to Brighton and fare well at the May Fair instead. You'll enjoy it.

The Normandie

HIS increasingly popular hotel in Knightsbridge makes an ideal place for taking luncheon. The low-roofed but perfectly ventilated restaurant, as well as providing food and service of the very best, has a delicious atmosphere about it. It may be the softness of the furnishings and decorations. It's a useful place to meet too. Vincent's bar is well stocked and well planned, but if you prefer it, there is the spacious hotel lounge round the other side. Residentially, the Normandie is ultra-modern, but it retains an atmosphere of friendliness on all its floors. Dinner and dancing still keep the Normandie very busy. Every guest has, moreover, the personal attention of Mr. Majori, its founder and manager.

Hatchett's

"GEOERGE," the commissionaire who has served Hatchett's loyally for forty years, is a safe barometer of how busy things are going to be. This being the case, it may be wise to get there a little early in the evening especially as Stephane is back again. It's not surprising that Hatchett's is well filled these days when, in addition to its usual attractions of good food and service, there are to be heard both in one evening, those two individualists, Stephane Grappelli and Peggy McCormack. Moran's Swingtet plays on until morning and the Services still occupy most of the tiny dance floor. Joseph Gerold has made Hatchett's a Piccadilly landmark and this it will undoubtedly remain as long as food, wine and entertainment keep up to present standards.

The Lansdowne

GOING down to this excellently ventilated and very safe restaurant you pass, or rather do not pass, an excellent bar. Sidney Reed, who used to be in charge, is now in the R.A.F. (good luck to him), but his place has been well filled by "Bert" of London Casino remembrances. Fernandez and second-in-command Louis are still holding full houses for luncheon and dinner, and the food is really exceptional—possibly because the recently joined chef, Grassi (from Crag's of course), is now feeling at home. Don't go to the Lansdowne for lunch on Saturdays or Sundays because there isn't any. Conversely, Sunday night is a special "Louis" night, well worth attending, with dancing from 8.45 p.m. till midnight. It's a comparatively expensive restaurant, but it fully justifies its charges.

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Martinez

FOR an evening of different enjoyment, try Martinez where Señor Martinez or Negri will show you that special Spanish dishes and wines are not a thing of the past. Instead of Chablis for example, try a bottle of Valdepeñas Blanco Fino—amazingly attractive at its price. Upstairs is kept music-free for those who come simply to enjoy good fare and good service. In the ventilated vault, everything is equally good, but in addition Edmundo Ross's Cuban music continues to enchant dancers from 7.30 until 11.45 p.m. Between the two floors those little sherry casks in the Andalusian bar still provide the very best wines at modest prices. It's well worth visiting this bar whether you stay for food or not. There are cocktails, too, of course.

The White Tower

UNDER the control of M. Stais, this Percy Street restaurant is completing its third successful year. Try going Greek for a change. As an aperitif, take a glass of Ouzo, tasty equivalent of absinthe, and begin a luncheon with Imam Bayldi and Yalanci Dolmas, exciting hors d'oeuvres made entirely but unbelievably so, from vegetables only. The fact that in the East, meat is only eaten about once a month, has led to the most delicious concoctions and discoveries in vegetable dishes. But the White Tower doesn't stop at vegetables. Follow on with, say, Chicken Ayéroff and as a sweet try pancakes lined with jam made from fragrant petals of roses. It's all true; and you'll find plenty more unheard-of attractions and surprises in a menu which reads Greek on one side and English on the other.

La Coquille

WHEN M. Pages left the land where the art of modern cooking originated, he brought to England the secrets of many delectable dishes. It is encouraging in wartime with a shortage of this, a shortage of that, and a complete absence of the other thing too, to note that many of these dishes continue. So if you want a quiet dinner where the food is cooked and served as in France in pre-war days, try La Coquille or the sister restaurant La Cigale. Your bill will be very reasonable, and at both places if you are in khaki, navy or air-force blue, it will suffer a pleasant deduction of ten per cent. In addition to this, two per cent of the weekly gross takings at La Cigale are deducted and given to Londoners who have been blitzed. I won't give away turnover figures, but I saw the receipts, and they are big ones. Good work, M. Pages.

The New Queen's

THE bars and brasserie in Leicester Square continue to flourish. And it's not surprising. All food (and very good food too) is à la carte but the prices remain exceedingly low. For drinks, you can have anything from bitter to bubbly.

Dave Java is still waiting for the call to arms, so you may continue to dance to his band from 8.30 p.m. until just before midnight.

Charley is back in his excellent bar refreshed by holidays, but he's still as efficiently "shaky" as ever. The Services (both sexes) continue to haunt Queen's and in their honour Helen McKie is doing some attractive vignettes. They will be painted on the mirrors of Charley's bar. Many TATLER readers will remember her illustrations. I need hardly add that Mr. Cope will give you his usual courtesy welcome.

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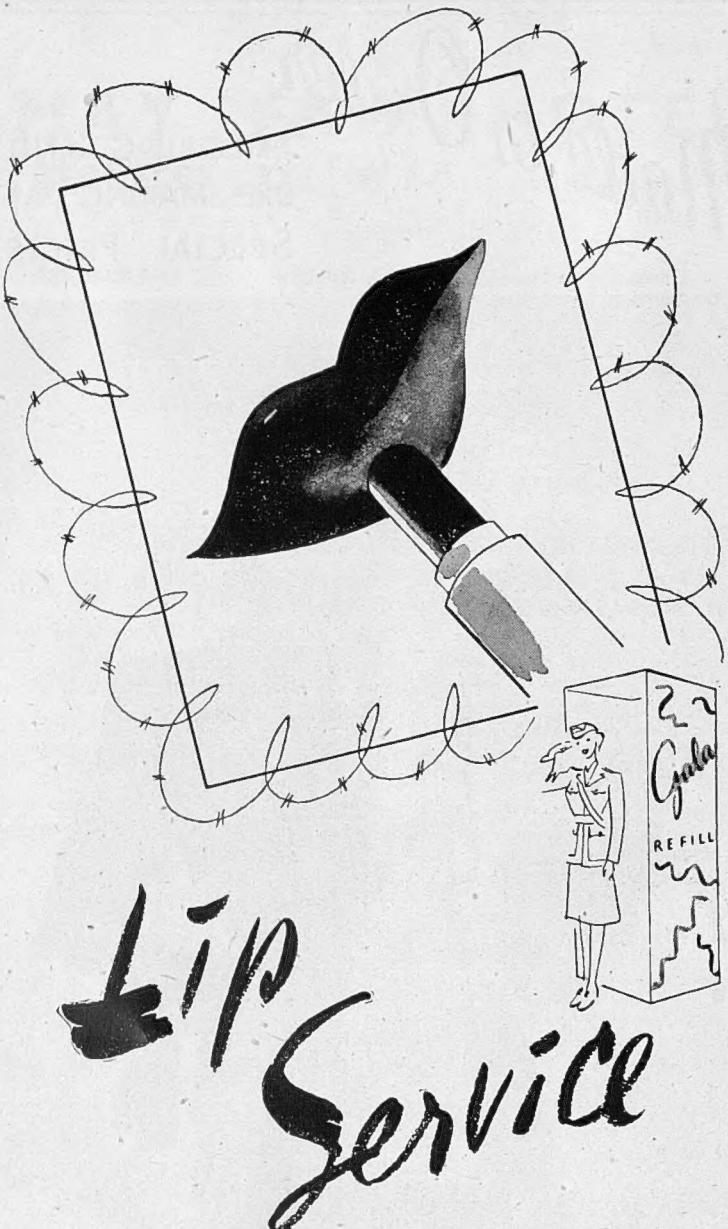
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There is a Gala Powder, too, at 1/6 the box.

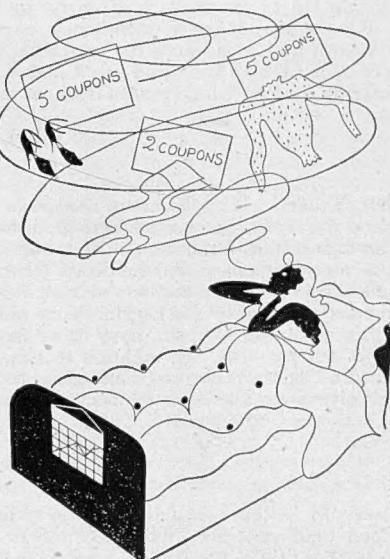


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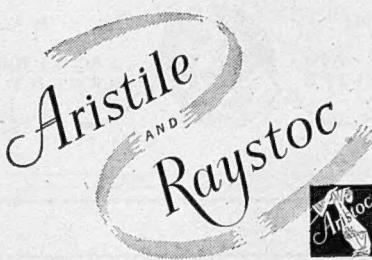
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TO THE RESCUE



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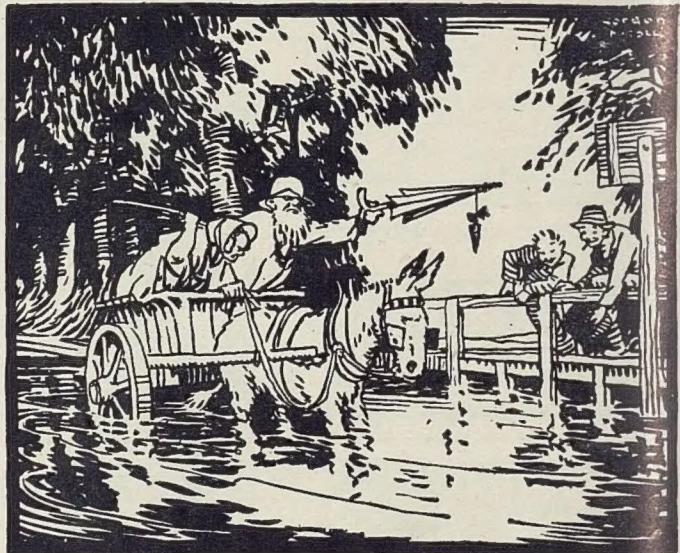


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